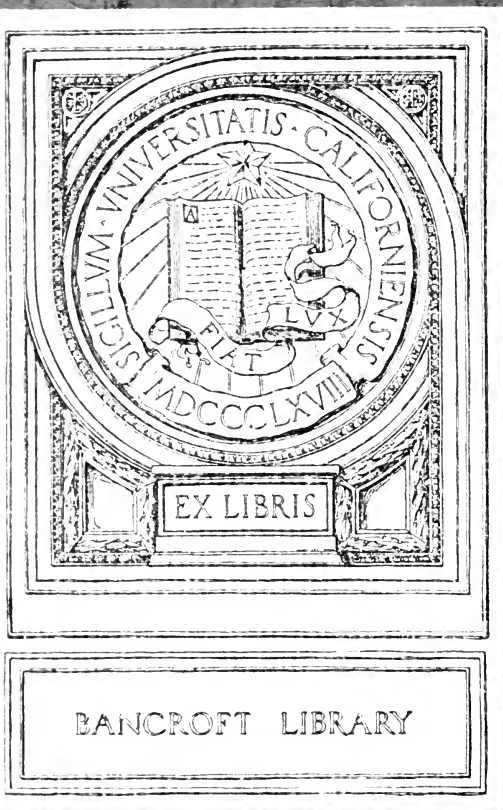


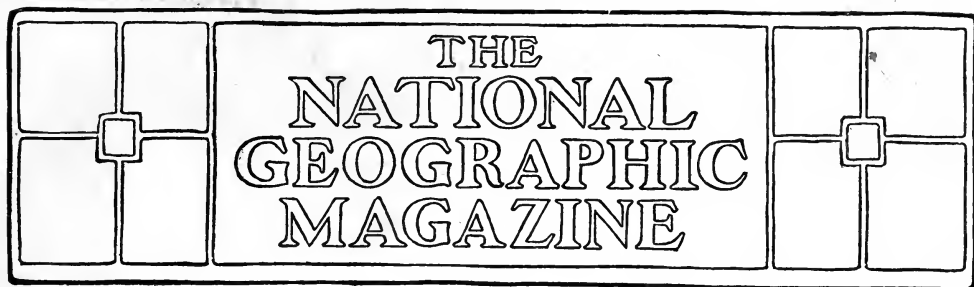
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THE HOME OF A FORGOTTEN RACE

Mysterious Chichen Itza, in Yucatan, Mexico.

BY EDWARD H. THOMPSON

FORMERLY U. S. CONSUL AT MÉRIDA, YUCATAN

THE ruined group of Chichen Itza, on the Peninsula of Yucatan, Mexico, covers a space of fully 3 square miles. Over all this wide territory are scattered carved and squared stones in countless thousands, and fallen columns by the hundreds, while the formless remains and outlined walls of huge structures fallen into ruin are seen on every side.

Seven massive structures of carved stone and adamantine mortar still tower erect and almost habitable. Their façades, though gray and haggard with age and seamed by time, sustain the claim that Chichen Itza, in the Americas, is one of the world's greatest monuments of antiquity.

The heart of most of the cities of antiquity was a castle or temple; in this great American monument the heart was a castle and a temple—both in one.

As this is a popular descriptive article, rather than a technical one, I shall try to restrain my always present desire and inject only enough figures to give adequate conceptions of size and distance.

A terrace as broad and level as a plain is raised 10 feet or more above the surrounding surface, built up with rubble and finished with a lime cement—hard, white, and durable. On this man-made plain was built, among other structures, a pyramid of nine terraces (see page

586), each faced with inlaid paneled stonework and well finished.

On each of the four inclined faces of this pyramid a stairway was built 111 feet long and 28.7 feet wide, with 104 steps rising from the base-level up to the crowning platform.

Each of the four angles of the pyramid is formed by the undulating body of a great stone serpent. Descending from the crowning platform, each undulation of the body marks a gradient, a terrace plane, while on each side of the northern stairway a serpent head, with wide-open jaws, carved from a single mass of limestone, rests on the plane beneath. A strong man cannot hope to lift the smallest stone that goes into the making of this serpent body.

THE CASTLE TEMPLE

All this is simply of the base, the preparation for and the leading up to the building proper, the Castle Temple (see page 586). This temple is not large, measured by the standards of the present day, or even by that of those ancient builders. Like the heart of the human body, it was not large but important.

Built on the level platform that crowned the pyramid, it is itself only 43 feet by 29 feet, with a narrow level space around it on the platform's outer edge barely wide enough for two to walk abreast in safety.



Photo by Edward H. Thompson

THE GREAT PYRAMID TEMPLE OF CHICHEN ITZA, IN YUCATAN, MEXICO

"On the roof are ornaments of carved stone cut in curious angles and placed like battlements. These probably served as shelters to the fighting men and protection to the priestly watchers of the stars and planets as they traced the celestial orbits and read the omens this revealed" (see text, pages 585 and 587).

On the north, facing a few degrees east of north, is the Ceremonial Stairway, with its two great serpent heads leading up the pyramid to the entrance of the sanctuary.

Thick stone pillars, fashioned always in the conventionalized serpent form, sustain the carved and paneled façade above the entrance to the outer corridor and inner chamber, the sanctuary of the temple. In the semi-gloom of this sanctuary are two square pillars of stone, each supporting massive twin beams of thick sapote wood richly carved. These in their turn help to support the strange triple-vaulted roof of the chamber (see page 588). Sapote wood, like the East Indian teak, is as strong and almost as durable as stone.

Wooden beams, stone pillars, and entrance posts are all carved in low relief (see page 589). Symbols and human figures, some in mask and bearded, and all clothed in ornate regalia, with strange weapons and the flowing plumes of the quetzal, cover their paneled surfaces.

The symbol of the feathered serpent—the body of the rattlesnake, covered with the plumage of the quetzal bird—was to this old civilization what the Cross was to the Christian and the Crescent to the Saracen.

Under this symbol the culture hero *Kuk-ul-can* (Feathered Serpent) of Yucatan, *Quetzacoatl* of the Aztecs and earlier people, was first revered, then deified and worshipped.

Most of the carvings on stone surface were painted, but the wooden lintels, carved or plain, were apparently dull finished in their own natural color—a rich red brown.

On the south, east, and west a single high-vaulted but narrow chamber was formed [I-shaped, with sapote lintels and carved doorways facing each of the stairways.

Large serpent masks, each flanked by sunken paneled squares, are the only ornaments of these three façades, and, except that on the western façade, are placed directly over the entrances. The mask of this western façade is several feet to the south of the entrance.

This was not a random work, neither

did the conformation of the structure make this lack of symmetry a necessary fault.

Is it true that the ancient builders of the East were wont to leave one stone missing or one carving misplaced in an otherwise perfect work because only the Supreme One should produce perfection?

On the roof are ornaments of carved stone cut in curious angles and placed like battlements. These probably served as shelters to the fighting men and protection to the priestly watchers of the stars and planets as they traced the celestial orbits and read the omens thus revealed.

THE HOUR OF SUNRISE

The writer stood upon the roof of this temple one morning last December just as the first rays of the sun reddened the distant horizon. The morning stillness was profound. The noises of the night had ceased and those of the day were not yet begun. All the sky above and the earth below seemed to be breathlessly waiting for something—just waiting. Then the great round sun came up flaming splendidly, and instantly the whole world sang and hummed. The birds in the trees and the insects on the ground sang in a grand *Te Deum*.

Nature herself taught primal man to be a sun-worshipper, and man in his heart of hearts still follows the ancient teachings.

A gentle breeze sprang up, and then he seemed to be upon a sea-bound rocky promontory, high above all things. The calm sea surface stretched away to where the sky-line met it, and there they fused into an opalescent something, seemingly born of the union of a rainbow with the white sea-foam.

The sun rose higher and the sea of mist dissolved into nothingness. In its place was an ocean of verdure, with a foam of bright blue flowers, the bloom of the jungle morning glory. As he descended the steps worn by the sandal tread of a thousand years, he thought: "Can this world show a more beautiful sight?"

From the northern edge of the level terrace at the base of the temple pyra-



Photo by Edward H. Thompson

IN THE SEMI-GLOOM OF THIS SANCTUARY ARE TWO SQUARE PILLARS OF STONE, EACH SUPPORTING MASSIVE TWIN BEAMS OF THICK SAPOTE WOOD, RICHLY CARVED

Sapote wood, like the East Indian teak, is almost as strong and durable as stone. Note the warrior with his elaborate head-dress carved on the column (see page 587)



Photo by Edward H. Thompson

WOODEN BEAMS AND ENTRANCE POSTS ARE ALL CARVED IN LOW RELIEF

"Wooden beams, stone pillars, and entrance posts are all carved in low relief. Symbols and human figures, some in mask and bearded, and all clothed in ornate regalia, with strange weapons and the flowing plumes of the quetzal, cover their paneled surfaces" (see page 587).

mid a raised causeway, 25 feet wide and macadamized, extends northward 300 yards or more to the Sacred Well.

THE SACRED WELL INTO WHICH PRISONERS AND MAIDENS WERE THROWN

This was the Sacred Way, and in times of pestilence and drought solemn processions of priests, devotees with offerings, and victims for the sacrifice wound between the snake-head columns down the long, steep stairway of the temple and along the Sacred Way to the dreadful Sacred Well (see page 591). The weird music of the flute and the shrill notes of the whistle mingled with the droning boom of the sacred drum as the priests, the devotees with their offerings, and the nobles grouped themselves on the brink of the well.

Then from the platform beside the shrine the offerings from far and near were tossed in, and finally the prisoners of war and beautiful maidens, drugged with the sacred ambrosia Balche, were thrown into the jade-colored waters as expiatory offering to an offended deity.

Could this deep old limestone water-pit, the Sacred Well, be given a tongue and made to tell what it had seen, what world romance could equal it!

Several hundred feet to the west of the Castle Temple, and on the same terrace with it, rest two great parallel moles of solid masonry (see page 592), each 275 feet long, 34 feet wide, and 25 feet high.

Between these moles is the Ceremonial Court. This level cemented space was probably the theater for the performance of certain rites and games of a ceremonial character, like the Aztec game dedicated to Tlaloc.

This belief is borne out by the fact that at a distance of 6 feet from the level upper surface of the mole two great rings of stone were firmly fixed by means of tongues into the perpendicular wall surface directly opposite each other.

One of these rings had either fallen out of its place by its own weight, or more probably was dug out by native honey seekers, and now lies prostrate, but whole, on the ground beneath. The other yet stands out boldly from the

sheer wall surface, and the entwined serpents carved on its annular faces are still clearly visible.

To the north and south of these great moles are the half-ruined remains of two small temple structures (see page 594). Shrine-like, they seem to guard the entrance to the Ceremonial Court; but they themselves, their carved walls and columns time worn and beaten, are fully exposed to the wear of the elements.

THE TEMPLE OF THE TIGERS

On the southern end of the eastern mole rests an edifice, like a casket holding jewels, that in time, as the fact becomes known, will be in itself the object of distant pilgrimages.

It is known as the Temple of the Tigers (see page 595) from the zone band of handsomely designed, artistically executed jaguars that, alternating with shields, ornaments the southern face.

Of course, it is understood that the term "tiger" is a misnomer as applied to the great *Felidæ* in America; the jaguar and not the tiger is meant. The term "tigre," meaning tiger, was probably first carelessly given by Spanish adventurers to the jaguar from Asia, and the name was thus wrongly perpetuated in America.

The entire front of the Temple of the Tigers has disappeared. Fractured and wedged apart by the growing tree roots at the apex of the roof, the overweight of the richly carved façade toppled it over into the space beneath, where it still lies in a formless mass.

Two large serpent columns, with open jaws and bulbous teeth, are still in place. These once helped to sustain the fallen façade, and probably served as the massive fulcrum that tossed the mass of stone and lime free from the platform in front down on the level floor of the Ceremonial Court. These, like all the other serpent columns, are carved in the conventionalized crotalid shape and covered with the conventional quetzal plumes.

The square end pilasters of the outer entrance to the inner chamber are entirely covered with sculptures in low relief. Like those upon the pilasters and columns of the Castle Temple, the prin-



Photo by Edward H. Thompson

THE SACRED WELL INTO WHICH PRISONERS OF WAR AND BEAUTIFUL MAIDENS WERE
THROWN

Could this old limestone water-pit, the sacred well, be given a tongue and made to tell what
it has seen, what world romance could equal it!

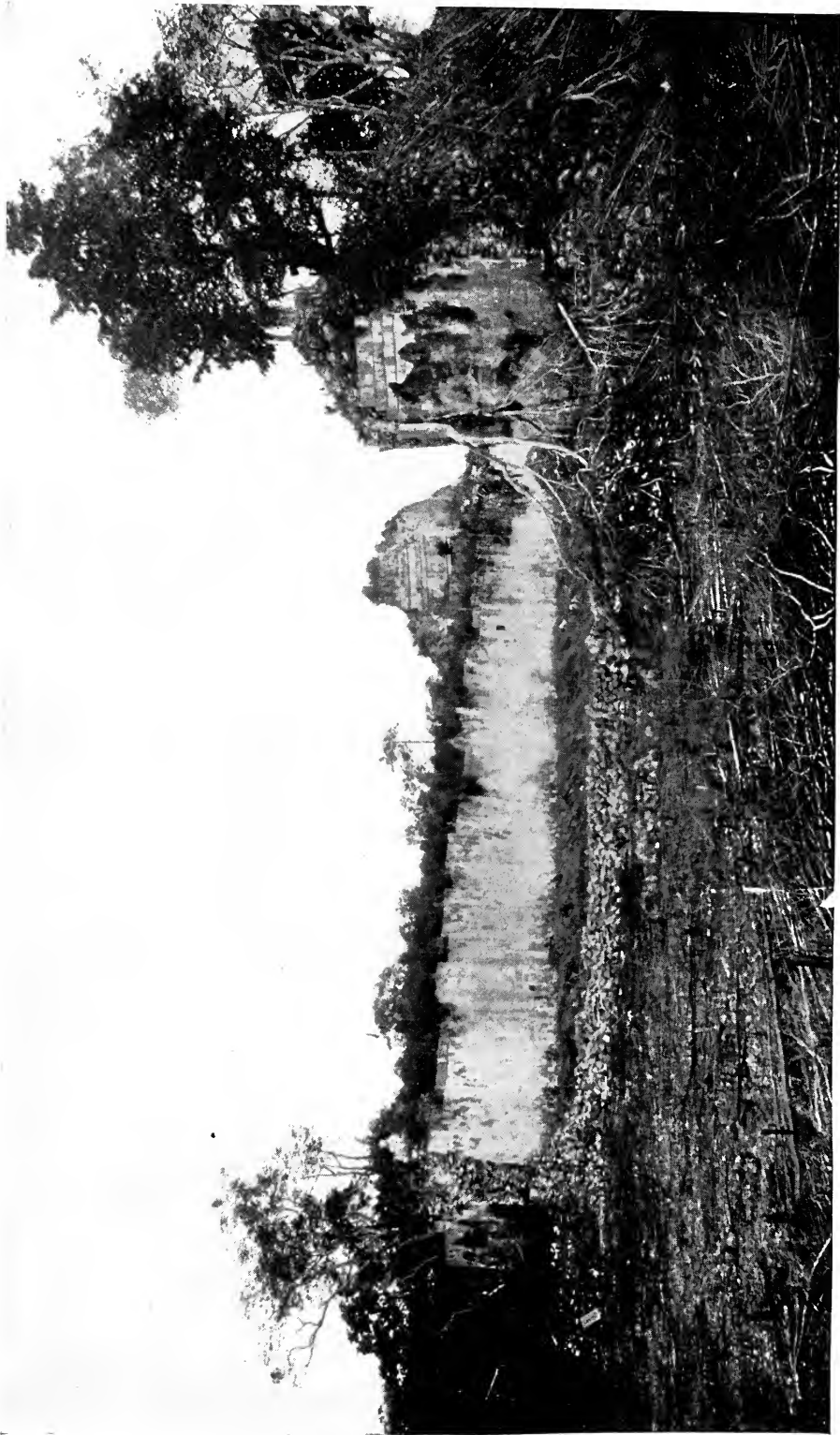


Photo by Edward H. Thompson

THE GREAT PARALLEL MOLES OF SOLID MASONRY WHICH FLANK THE CEREMONIAL COURT

"This level, cemented space was probably the theater for the performance of certain rites and games of a ceremonial character, like the Aztec game dedicated to Tlaloc" (see text, page 590)

cial motive on each panel is a human figure elaborately costumed and brilliantly painted.

MAYAN MURAL PAINTINGS

The wall surface of both chambers bear traces of having been once covered with mural paintings. Those on the walls of the outer chamber have become entirely obliterated by the erosive action of the elements. Those on the walls of the inner chamber are in part obliterated by the excreta of bats, and still more by the vandal hand of man.

Enough yet remains to make this little chamber the repository of the best-preserved examples of the mural paintings of this ancient Maya race at present known.

The best-preserved portion represents a battle scene. The attacking party, with atlats, spears, and shields, are seemingly assaulting a city or some large center. Above the battlefield can be seen tier upon tier of houses, and amid them are women in agonized postures, looking down upon the fighting warriors.

To one side is the symbolical figure of *Kuk-ul-can*, with lightning-like yellow flames issuing from his mouth, the sign of defiance and also of war. Many other scenes and portions of figures are depicted, but the battle scene is the clearest of them all at present. The figures are done in a clear, easy style, vigorous and true.

Belonging to this same temple, but on a lower level and built against the eastern wall, is a chamber 22 feet long by 10 feet wide and 15 feet high.

The front of this chamber also is destroyed, and in practically the same way as that of the upper chamber. A portion of the end walls and a large part of the rear still remain upright (see page 596), and the superb wall sculptures they hold upon their surface are fortunately still left for study and comparison.

Clear-cut features, well-worked details, artistically executed and well carried out, show the skill and spirit of these ancient artists. The carvings clearly represent the performance of some religious rite or ceremonial dance. Entwined about the series of masked and

conventional figures are the serpent symbol, that of the sun and apparently that of rain and water.

Description is nearly useless in such cases as this; only photographs or drawings can adequately represent the work.

The figures were originally painted in the conventional colors, with the ever-present deep red background.

Portions of the two richly carved square pillars that once helped to sustain the fallen front, and between them a rigid conventionalized "tiger," seemingly a kind of ceremonial seat, complete all that is now visible of this chamber.

Half ruined as it is, the Temple of the Tigers is a treasure and a boon to students of the Maya civilization.

A MAYAN PRISON

South of the Temple of the Tigers lies the beautiful little structure known to the natives as the Chichen Chob, the Prison (see page 598), probably the most perfect existing unit of ancient Maya architecture. The pyramid supporting and the stairway leading up to it are almost intact, the angles and faces of the edifice itself almost perfect.

Within the chambers some of the wooden cross-beams are still in place, the mural paintings on the hard-finished walls are evident, although nearly effaced; but the long band of well-carved hieroglyphics that extend entirely across the wall opposite the doors is as perfect and delicately clear as if carved but yesterday.

To the southeast lies the Round Tower (see page 600), a strange structure, unique in plan and outline. This edifice rises like a turret, 40 feet and of equal diameter, from near the center of a terrace, 20 feet high, 220 feet long by 150 feet wide.

HUMBOLDT'S SURPRISE

Its purpose is at present unknown; but from its construction, annular chambers, winding stairway, and the position of its outlooks and outlets I believe it to have been an observatory, an edifice devoted to the study of the celestial bodies. It is known that the ancient American calendar system was so accurately developed



Photo by Edward H. Thompson

ONE OF THE TWO SMALL TEMPLES WHICH SEEM TO GUARD THE ENTRANCE TO THE
CEREMONIAL COURT (SEE PAGE 590)



Photo by Edward H. Thompson

THE TEMPLE OF THE TIGERS

The band of handsomely carved jaguars, alternating with shields, can be discerned near the top of the building (see page 590). "Half ruined as it is, the Temple of the Tigers is a treasure and a boon to students of the Maya civilization" (see text, page 593).



Photo by Edward H. Thompson

THESE SUPERB WALL SCULPTURES REPRESENT THE PERFORMANCE OF SOME RELIGIOUS RITE OR CEREMONIAL DANCE

that Alexander Von Humboldt was for a time incredulous of its native origin.

The learned ones, the wise men among these people, were astronomers, not mere star-gazers, and there are those among the Mayas at the present day that have a surprising native knowledge of the celestial geography, as well as of curious properties of certain roots and herbs on the earth beneath.

The present conical form of this edifice, the shape of its chambers, and above all the peculiar inner stairway winding around a solid center, have caused the natives to call it, in their vernacular, "The House of the Snail," and this name in its Spanish dress clings to it now. As the *Caracol* (Snail) it is best known to the people of the region, and under this name it is shown to the curious and the visitors from afar.

THE "NUNNERY"

Nearly half a mile to the south of the Castle Temple rises the majestic pile of the "Nunnery" (see page 602). How far this name accurately indicates the original purpose of the edifice is not known; but we do know that among these ancient people a certain social organization existed, resembling in a modified form the societies of monks and nuns.

How much or how little of truth is in the name we may not know, but the edifice itself is probably the most ancient of all the structures now standing. How old no one knows; but the fact is evident that the central portion of the structure was old and time worn before the pitted surface and dulled angles were buried in the plastic mass of the newer masonry. Then in time this, too, was hidden under the present walls, new and clear lined then, but now gray and seamed by time and the elements, and this is a land where the ice never forms, the frost never rises, and dryness is more evident than dampness or moisture.

The façades of these later portions of the great mass of stone and lime are wonderful examples of carved stonework and ancient American symbolism. I doubt if, taken as a whole, their equal exists. The photographic views show this in a measure, and only in a measure.

The true beauty of the carvings and the perfect proportions of the structure can never be fitly shown until the debris that now hides the base and destroys the true symmetry of the edifice is removed. This work should be done by competent direction under supervision of the government.

Two small one-storied edifices, in the nature of detached wings, are on the right and left of the building proper.

One, known as "La Iglesia" Church, is still quite perfect, and the symbolical figures encrusted on its richly worked façade have long been objects of study to the student and of curiosity to the profane.

The other is a still smaller structure of ordinary design and no apparent points of special interest.

A wide, steep stairway, with the very narrow steps and risers common to the work of sandal-wearing people, leads up to the important second story. This portion of the structure sets back from the face of the lower one, thus leaving an open level space of some 30 feet wide, broken in front half way by the stairway leading up to the third story.

The lateral northern face of this upper second story has two true entrances into perfect chambers and four large recesses in the front walls that are either blind doorways or once true entrances into chambers formerly existing in the original structure, but later filled up to make a solid foundation for a third story directly above. When this was done the doorways remained as simple niches, and over these a flying buttress (see page 603) was thrown as a stairway to the newer structure above. This is my hypothesis, subject to modifications that future investigations may make necessary.

The stone lintels over every entrance, existing or blind, built into this face of the end walls are covered with handsome, still legible glyphs. Clearly legible indeed, but as unreadable as a sealed book.

Undeciphered and mysterious, they are the pleasure and despair of those who seek to solve the problems that they hold.

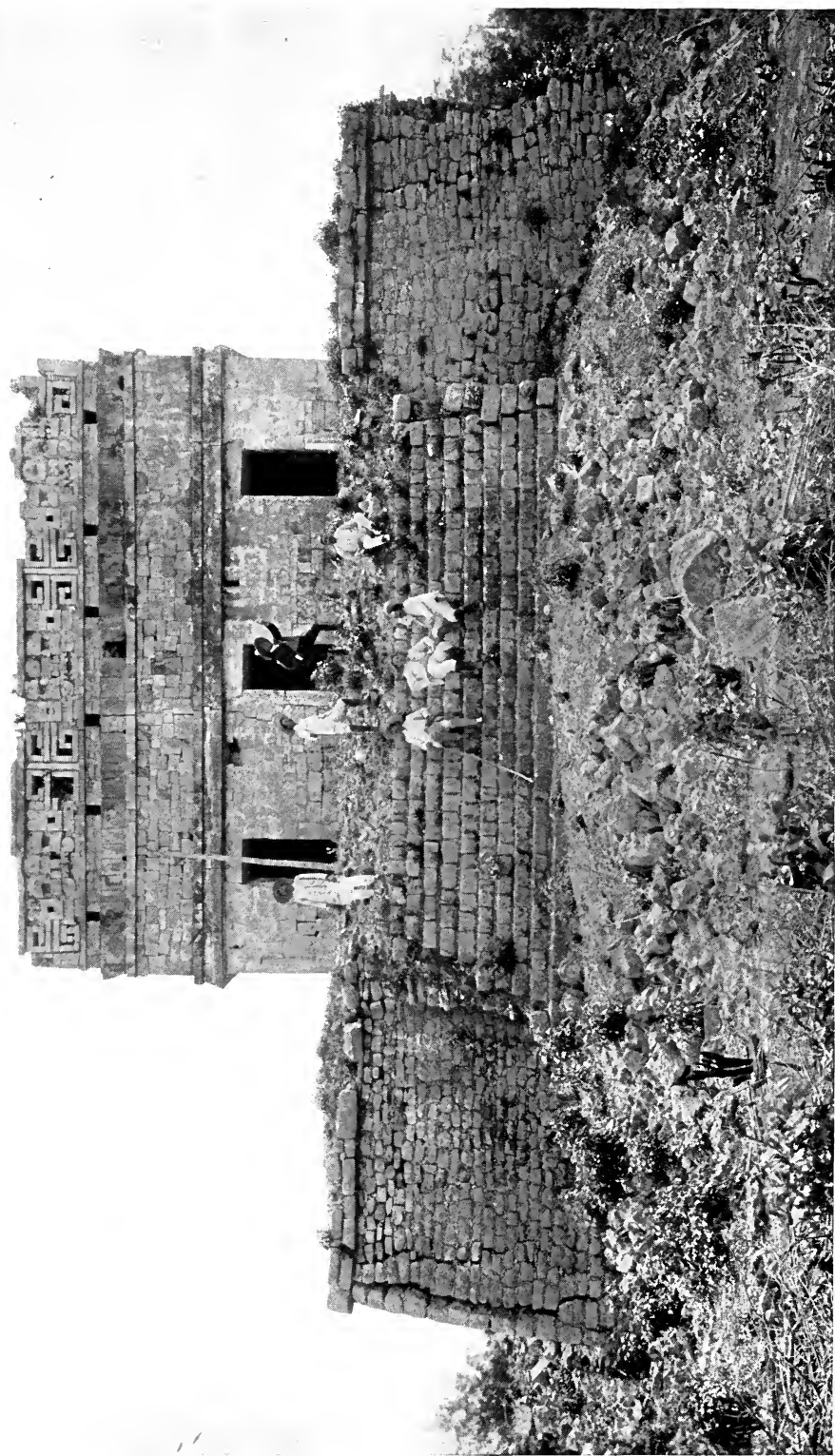


Photo by Edward H. Thompson

THE PRISON OR CHICHEN CHOB, PROBABLY THE MOST PERFECT EXISTING UNIT OF ANCIENT MAYA ARCHITECTURE (SEE PAGE 593)

All the chambers within this second story of the edifice have within the wall spaces opposite the entrances various niches about the height of the entrances, but narrower. None, even the smaller chambers, have less than two, and the long, narrow middle chamber on the south face has five.

These may have been doorways, originally giving entrance into the primitive structure, closed when the central portion was made into a solid core; but various circumstances, among them being the presence and position of the recesses in the walls of the end chamber, cause me to throw aside this hypothesis. To me they have all the appearances of having been true niches.

THE RECORDS OF THIS ANCIENT PEOPLE WERE DESTROYED BY THE SPANIARDS

They give, in the mind of the student of these old structures, the appearance of having been repositories. Perhaps within these niches were stored the rolls of parchment, the folded books on deer-skin and agave paper, the plans and records, and all the written lore of this city of the Maya wise men, the "Itzaes."

Who knows but their contents formed part of that funeral pyre of ancient Maya literature made by the zealot, Bishop de Landa, on the Mani common.

De Landa, seeing on these old rolls of deerskin and volumes of maguey paper signs that he could not read and symbols that he could not understand, concluded that they were cabalistic signs of a diabolical nature, and caused them, together with many other objects of inestimable value to science, to be destroyed by fire on the public square in the Pueblo de Mani.

At that time the old chroniclers tell us there were destroyed 5,000 idols of distinct forms and sizes, 13 altar stones, 22 stones, carved and of small sizes; 27 rolls of ancient hieroglyphics on deer-skin, 197 vases of all sizes and patterns, and many other unrecorded objects.

An ancient Spanish chronicler states naively that the natives who witnessed the destruction by fire were much afflicted and made a great outcry of woe.

Is it to be wondered that they made a

great outcry of woe? They saw not only the sacred things calcining in the fervent heat, but also the written lore, accumulated knowledge of their race, going up in smoke and red cinders. Naturally the thinking ones among them "made great outcry."

Around the corners and on the unbroken portions of the smooth, hard finish in the recesses are traces of broad red, blue, and green bands forming the paneled outlines for the detail figures within. On the ceiling in places are still the fragmentary outlines of houses, trees, city walls, and nondescript animals.

On the inner walls of the eastern end chamber can be clearly seen the impress of the "red hand," another of the unsolved problems.

The third upper story is small and presents the idea of incompleteness, although its state of ruin prevents the last word being said until excavation and investigation have taken place under some competent person.

The last and least important of the seven structures yet standing is the so-called "House of the Dark Writings." The structure is a huge one-story edifice. Large forest trees grow over its flat roof, and were it not for its vertical wall faces of well-carved stone one could easily believe that he was treading the primeval forest floor.

The name, *Akab tsib*, House of the Dark Writing, was given to it by the natives because in the gloom of an inner chamber can be seen a lintel of stone, covered with glyphs and having on its under surface a seated figure in the act, apparently, of offering up some kind of burnt sacrifice.

This ends the list of the still existing structures; but the wonders to be seen prostrate and those hidden have not yet been mentioned.

We have not mentioned the sepulchers of the high priests, 90 feet beneath the crown of the pyramid, 50 feet in the solid rock; the rock carvings; jaguars carved on the ledge surface; the great natural well from whence this ancient city received its water supply; the caves, with their prehistoric defenses, stalactites, grottoes, and pools of clear, cool

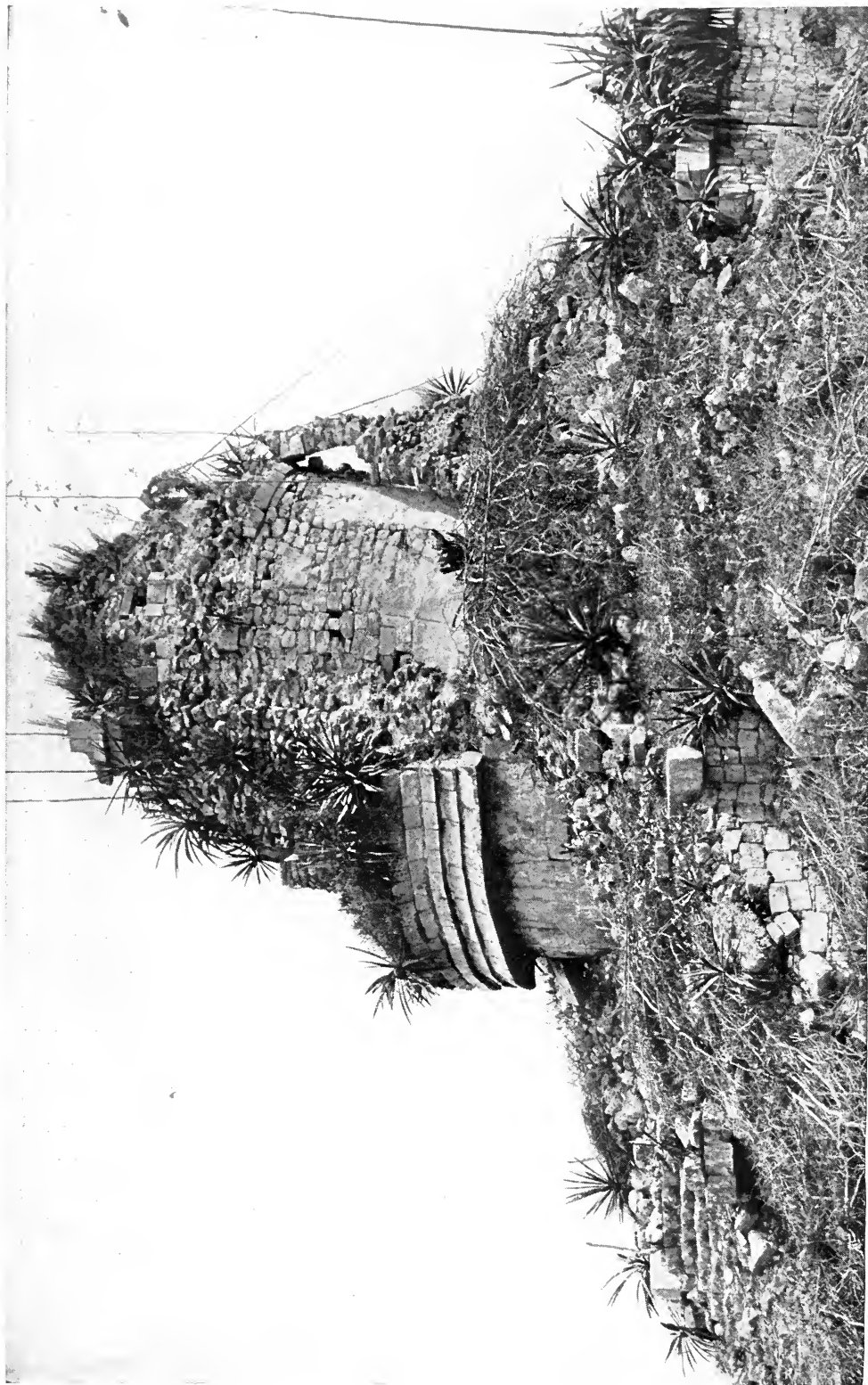


Photo by Edward H. Thompson

THE ROUND TOWER WHICH WAS PROBABLY THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY

"From its construction, annular chambers, winding stairway, and the position of its outlooks and outlets, I believe it to have been an observatory, an edifice devoted to the study of the celestial bodies. It is known that the ancient American calendar system was so accurately developed that Alexander Von Humboldt was for a time incredulous of its native origin" (see text, pages 593 and 597).

water—these and many other things we have the desire to depict and describe, but time and space forbid.

WHEN WAS THIS CITY FOUNDED?

How old is this great city of stone-built temples and myriad carvings? For years we have sought among its fallen columns and toppled walls for that which would tell us clearly of its age.

To a certain extent the search has not been in vain. We have found a tablet of stone covered with hieroglyphs, and among them are signs that fix a date, an epoch. Keen minds and trained are now at work on the tablet, and the time may not be far distant when we shall know whether it be 2,000 years old or less, as some students claim, or over 11,500 years, as claimed by Le Plongeon.

The margin between the two "guesses" is certainly wide enough.

Meanwhile, like the Sphinx in the East, the gray, old human faces carved high on the massive walls gaze down unchangingly, unmindful of modern man and his futile guesses.

We have perhaps more information on the early history of this ancient group than we have of any other center of the Maya civilization.

But as that keen scholar, the lamented Dr. Thompson, was fond of impressing upon his pupils, "Gentlemen, information may or may not be facts, and unless it be of proven facts is not knowledge." Even "information" concerning these ancient builders and their buildings is only too scanty, and actual proven facts still more so.

THE LEGEND OF CHICHEN ITZA

The earliest information concerning Chichen Itza is given in a curious document found by Don Juan Pio Perez, a Yucatan scholar and antiquarian, among the dusty old records and archives in the Town Hall of Mani.

The document commences thus: "Lai u tzolan katun lukci ti cab ti yotoch Nonoual"—I might continue on in this way for some time, but all might not understand the text as clearly as could be wished. In fact, the fear of a sudden change of relations between writer and

reader induces me to forego, and in place give a broad interpretation of the ancient writings in those parts where allusion is made to Chichen Itza.

Translated, the document commences thus, the brackets being my interpolations:

"This is the series of epochs that elapsed from the time of their departure from the house of Nonoual in the land of Tulapan.

"Then took place the discovery of Bacalar. Sixty years they ruled in Bacalar, when they came here.

"During these years of their government of this province of Bacalar occurred the discovery of Chichen Itza. 120 years they ruled in Chichen Itza, when they left it and went to Champutun, where the Itzaes, holy men, had houses.

"260 years reigned the Itzaes in Champutun, when they abandoned it and returned in search of their homes.

"For several epochs they lived in the woods and the caves, under the uninhabited hills.

"After forty years they returned to their homes (Chichen Itza) once more, and Champutun knew them no more.

"Two hundred years they reigned in Uxmal, Chichen Itza, Mayapan. The governor of Chichen Itza (Chac xib chac) was deposed because he murmured disrespectfully against Tunac-eel, the governor of Mayapan. Ninety years had elapsed, but the tenth of the 8th Ahau was the year in which he was overthrown."

The unknown native writer keeps on; but I will stop, as he mentions Chichen Itza no more.

Neither the name nor the history of its writer is known; but from the perfect command of both the native vernacular and the Spanish letters it would seem to have been the work of an educated native and written within a few decades after the conquest. This would not be strange, for many bright young natives, sons of the nobles and of the reigning families, were taken by the church or by high lay officials and educated in Spanish learning.

Thus Caspar Antonio Xiu, the lineal



THE MAJESTIC PILE OF THE NUNNERY

Photo by Edward H. Thompson

"The true beauty of the carvings and the perfect proportions of the structure can never be fitly shown until the debris that now hides the base and destroys the true symmetry of the edifice is removed. . . . The stone lintels over every entrance, existing or blind, built into this face of the end walls are covered with handsome, still legible, glyphs. Clearly legible indeed, but as unreadable as a sealed book. Undeciphered and mysterious, they are the pleasure and despair of those who seek to solve the problems that they hold" (see text, page 597).



Photo by Edward H. Thompson

OVER THESE A FLYING BUTTRESS WAS THROWN AS STAIRWAY TO THE NEWER STRUCTURE ABOVE (SEE PAGE 597)

descendant of the last king of Mayapan, was taken, baptized, and educated by Montejo, the conqueror of Yucatan and its first governor.

THE ANCIENT MAYAS HAD THEIR BARDS AND STORY-TELLERS

The ancient Mayas, like most other races, had their bards and story-tellers, who interwove into their songs and tales the history of their people.

Thus, I repeat, it is not strange if some educated native filled, like the gifted Tescucan Ixtlilxochitl, prince and writer, with the desire to perpetuate the fading history of his people, had recourse to the device of writing out, as his memory served, their early wanderings and ancient history, and then, with native subtlety, to hide the documents under those

longest filed away and in archives likely to be safe and undisturbed until times far later.

There is a legend of Chichen Itza that has seemingly more of the material of true history in its making than legends are usually thought to have. At all events, it is genuinely romantic and worth repeating.

THE LEGEND OF CANEK

Caneq, the impetuous young ruler of Chichen Itza, was deeply in love with a beautiful maiden, daughter of the ruler of a distant province. No longer were his thoughts on the coming hunt of the jaguar; the wild boar passed grunting and unharmed, even unnoticed, as the young ruler sat musing on a fallen log. A fawn, chased by the hunters, became

entangled in a snare close beside him as he sat motionless, happily musing. Seeing that its big, soft eyes were like those of the maiden he loved, he loosed its bonds and set it free.

In the midst of his amorous musings, as he sat in his chamber one day, a dust-covered runner came up to the palace entrance and rattled the sounding shells before the curtains for instant entrance on the ruler's service.

The news he brought drove the young ruler to desperation.

The Batab of a neighboring province, and one far more powerful than he of Chichen Itza, had married the maiden that Canek was to take to wife.

For a while no raging jaguar robbed of his mate was more furious than young Canek; then of a sudden he grew quiet, cool, and seemingly calm.

So his warriors remembered to have seen him when they fought an old-time enemy, killed his fighting men, and defaced his temple, and they patiently waited.

The night came and with it a brooding norther. Darkness as black as the hate in the heart of Canek was all around the silent ranks of the swiftly moving warriors. The lightning flashes, as sharp and hot as the anger that flamed in the Canek's breast, played over the glinting points of crystal on the moving forest of lances as they neared the enemy's city.

The ever-burning flames on the top of the distant temple gleamed redly, and black smoke went heavenward in increasing volume as the priests burnt great baskets of copal in honor of their ruler's marriage.

Canek and his silent warriors came swiftly onward, melting into the darkness of the shadows, hiding from the lightning flash, leaping ahead like deer when chance offered. Revelry had taken the city with all that was in it and held it hard and fast. Even the watchers were drunkenly grumbling over the fate that kept them out of the carousals and in the darkness. As the black and moving shadows reached them swiftly they soon were quiet and out of the darkness for evermore.

THE INTERRUPTED MARRIAGE

And the deer-eyed woman—a wife, yet still a maiden—was she happy? Oh, who knows! It may be that her eyes were not pain shadowed; that it was but the dim light of the wild wax tapers in the narrow vaulted chamber, and it may be that which glistened on her drooping lashes was but the flashing of stray light beams from between the entrance curtains. Who knows?

Merry were the wedding guests and well drunken most of them. More than merry was the bridegroom, who drank the deepest of them all. His brain was sodden, his limbs rebellious, but his tongue, though thick and clumsy, still responded to his call.

Sodden brain and clumsy tongue worked together as he mumbled loudly:

"As for the Lord of Chichen Itza—poor lean dog—let him take his pleasure howling at the moon tonight! Before I seek my wife's caresses in her many-curtained chamber, I must hear a lively song. Ehen! Holcanes! Tupiles! lift your voices and rattle out the battle song."

Drunkenly mumbling, stupidly fumbling, he rolled on his side and fell asleep.

At the holcanes' call the tupiles started the great war song of the Mayas—"Conex, Conex Paleche" ("Come on, come on, ye warriors").

The voices that commenced it were well known, though drunken and quavering; the voices that joined in it and ended it were strong, full, and shrilly menacing. Abruptly the drunken voices ceased and some ended with a groan.

The deer-eyed woman, alone in her curtained chamber, heard the voices and the singing, and then the strangeness of the tumult drove her to the carved stone entrance. Before she reached it the shells were rattled and the curtains parted swiftly. "Star of the night! Star of my life!" said Canek.

"My Lord Canek," said the maiden, with startled eyes, but star lit.

Dead men, live men, and the live men dead in drunken stupor, what could the few with senses unbenumbed do against

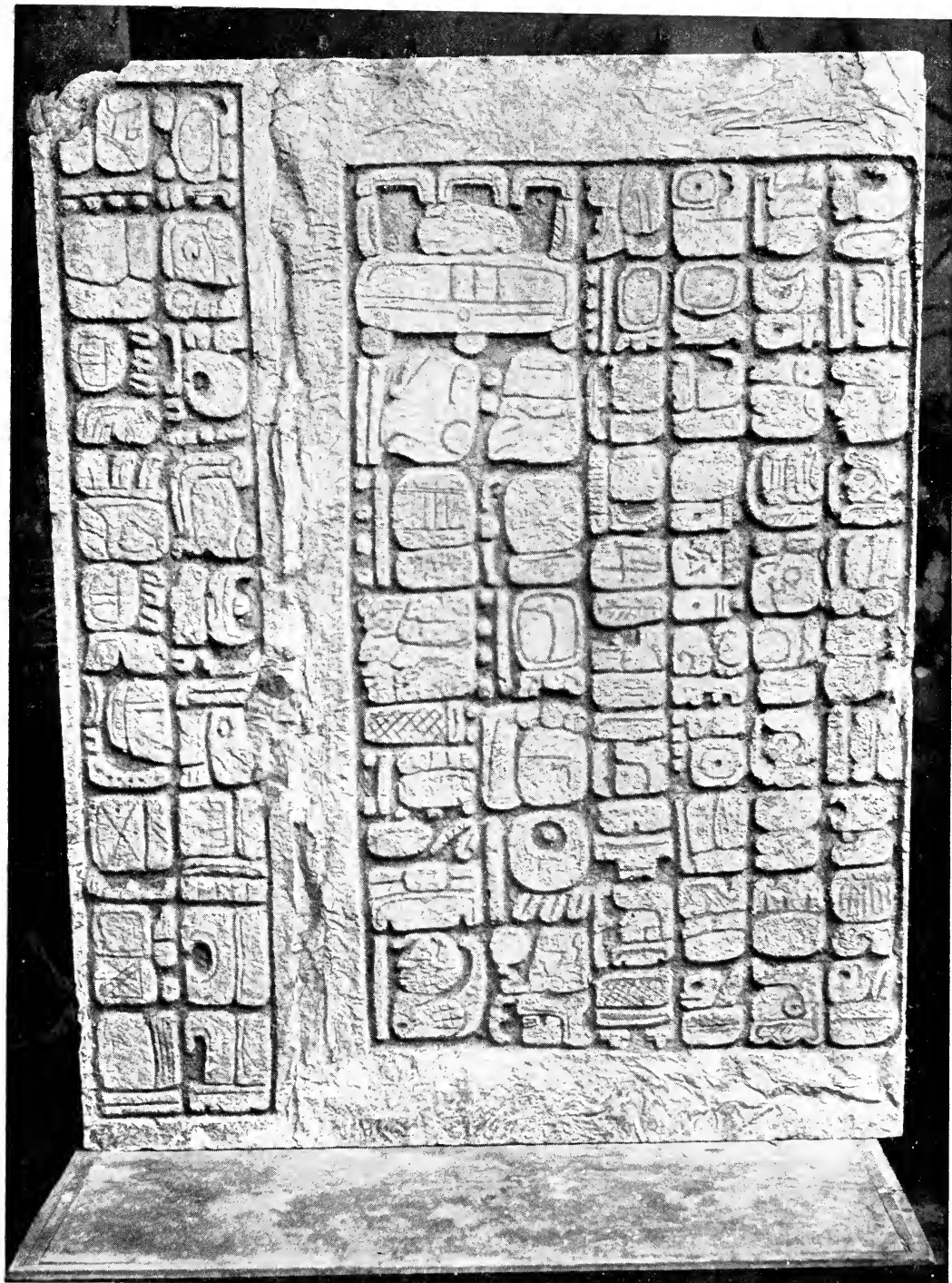


Photo by Edward H. Thompson

A PAGE OF STONE THAT NO MAN MAY YET READ

"How old is this great city of stone-built temples and myriad carvings? For years we have sought among its fallen columns and toppled walls for that which would tell us clearly of its age. To a certain extent the search has not been in vain. We have found a tablet of stone covered with hieroglyphs, and among them are signs that fix a date, an epoch. Keen minds and trained are now at work on the tablet, and the time may not be far distant when we shall know whether it be 2,000 years old or less, as some students claim, or over 11,500 years, as claimed by Le Plongeon" (see text, page 601).



Photo by Edward H. Thompson

PHOTOGRAPH OF A HUMAN HEAD CARVED IN STONE: PORTION OF A RICHLY CARVED
WALL SURFACE RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT CHICHEN ITZA

All the rolls of parchment and books on deerskin and agave paper, all the plans and records and the written lore of the mysterious city, Chichen Itza, were burned by the Spanish zealot, Bishop de Landa. When he saw the Maya symbols that he could not understand, he concluded that they were signs of a diabolical nature and caused them, together with many other objects containing Maya records, to be destroyed by fire on the public square of the city (see page 599).

the silent fury of Canek and his fighting men?

Never again did Chichen Itza know its Lord Canek, nor any of his band of fighting men. In the passing of a night they vanished, the Lord Canek and the soft-eyed maiden, the stolen bride of the drunken one.

Time passed. The lord who won a bride, but did not learn to keep her, lived his life, died, and was forgotten.

The memory of Lord Canek lived on in song and story and became a part of the legends of Chichen Itza.

THE LOST IS FOUND

One day, long after, a hunting band from Chichen Itza went toward the south—some days' journey. Young men they were and full of rashness, so they kept on the chase until the lane grew hilly and higher, and at last rose into the very clouds. Wonderingly, they turned homeward, journeying over a strange country, until they reached a lake of shining water, and in the lake an island city, with houses and temples and the carved fronts of many buildings like their own Chichen Itza.

From this island city warriors came and met them and led them to the waiting ruler and his aged wise men.

"Who are you, presumptuous ones, that you dare to come unbidden on our land and unwanted to our city?" asked the Batab in stern menace.

The young man spoke bravely, coolly: "We came from our home, Chichen Itza, and have wandered here unbidden because in the chasing of the deer we went farther than we knew; and, finding pathways right before us, we kept on, thinking to find old friends or make new ones."

The ruler turned and took counsel with his wise men, then said to the waiting hunters: "If your tale be true, that you are of Chichen Itza and not of another province, you will indeed find here old friends new made—old friends and new as well.

"This is the city of Tayasal, whose lord is Canek, who once was lord of your own Chichen Itza, the City of the Sacred Well."

This is the legend. The substance is

as told by the good old, but very dry, chronicler, Padre Cogoluccho. I confess to have taken this skeleton and put a little flesh on here and there, just to round out the form—a little brown and red, just to give a local coloring, and so produce the true general effect; that is all. But perhaps I had better have left it as the ancient priestly scribe tells it; "quien sabe"—who knows?

Not all of the tales of Chichen Itza are prehistoric or legendary.

Far later, chronologically, than the legend of Canek, a proven fact, with only a small portion of "information" embedded in it, is furnished us, and brings us down to the historic times of the early Spanish conquerors, when they were in deadly struggle with the fearless Mayas.

MONTEJO WELCOMED

In 1525-1526 Montejo was weary with his long and seemingly fruitless struggles against the native Mayas. Constantly buffeted by his countless enemies and having no place of refuge, he found himself in imminent danger.

The overlords of the provinces near the coast, known by the name of *Cheles* (bluebirds), were in a way friendly to the Spaniards, and Montejo found his way toward them. The other Indians, seeing that the Spaniards were headed coastward and thinking that they were seeking to return from whence they came, did not seek to fight or in any way annoy them; thus the Spaniards arrived safely at the home of the *Batabs Cheles*.

These received them hospitably and, in response to the petition of Montejo, allowed them to find a safe asylum at Chichen Itza, then governed by a vassal chief, Cupul.

Upon their arrival, Cupul, according to a native document, "The Narrative of Nahum Peck," said to them:

"Stranger lords, take your rest in these halls," and they did; they made themselves very much at home, after the manner of the Spanish conquerors of those days, even before they had fairly earned the proud title.

For a time the Indians bore the burdens that their guests put upon them with meekness, but at last they rebelled at

having to be the providers and burden-bearers for such lusty feeders and poor paymasters, and then their actions soon put the Spaniards in a serious plight.

Finally, besieged and almost without provisions, they took advantage of a stormy night after a brave sortie to deceive the Indians. One by one they deserted the edifice used as their garrison and stole away in the darkness, to unite and make for a more friendly haven.

DOG, ROPE, AND BELL

It is said that to deceive the Mayas into thinking that they were there they tied a dog to the rope of a bell and placed food in front, just beyond his reach. His frantic efforts to get at the food rang the bell at frequent intervals, while the constant bark aided the supposed deception of the Mayas, and when at last the ruse was discovered the little band of Spanish soldiery was nearly out of the enemy's reach.

Thus runs the chronicle, and the story may be true; but, knowing, as the writer does, the character and customs of the direct descendants of these same old Maya warriors, he does not believe it. It is far more probable that these Mayas, desiring to be quickly and peacefully rid of their burdensome guests, shut their eyes to the going of the Spaniards and would have been the more obliged to them if they had taken the bell and the dog along with them as well, and so left the besiegers to enjoy their early slumbers undisturbed. The discreetly dropped eyelid, that is almost a wink, and quickly changes into a blindness, is an artful act as ancient as the human race. In many

respects the logic of the native Maya is peculiarly his own, but in many other ways his acts and artifices are as old as man himself.

ELOQUENT SILENCE

The writer has often been asked, "After one has visited the ruins of the Old World, is it worth while to visit those of the New World?"

He has had as visiting guests scientists of other lands, men with the wonders of Italy, of Egypt, and India fresh in their memory, inquisitive, incredulous, but desiring to see what there was to see.

As these great, lonely monuments loomed up before their vision, he has noted the quick, surprised intake of the breath, the change of color even, and then—a speaking silence far more eloquent than any words could be.

The American people should awaken to the fact that they have right at home, at their very doors, architecture essentially American, as it were, ruined structures every whit as interesting, as massive, and possibly as old as those of other lands, whose boast it is that the Americans must come to them, for "America has no ruins."

Within these mysterious ruins—American ruins—are great books, with pages of stone, writ in characters that no man may yet read. Are the mysteries they hold, the wonderful facts, that certainly lie sealed and mute within them, hidden from us, less interesting to Americans than are the tales of Egyptian dynasties, the rites of Druids, Roman campings, or Saxon raidings? I think not.





Photo by B. F. Langland

STONE SAILS AT GUADALUPE, MEXICO

Tradition has it that certain sailors who thought themselves lost in a storm vowed to the Virgin that if she would deliver them they would drag their mast to the top of the hill at Guadalupe and set it up as a memorial to her protecting power. They were delivered and fulfilled their vow, building sails of stone around the mast to protect it.

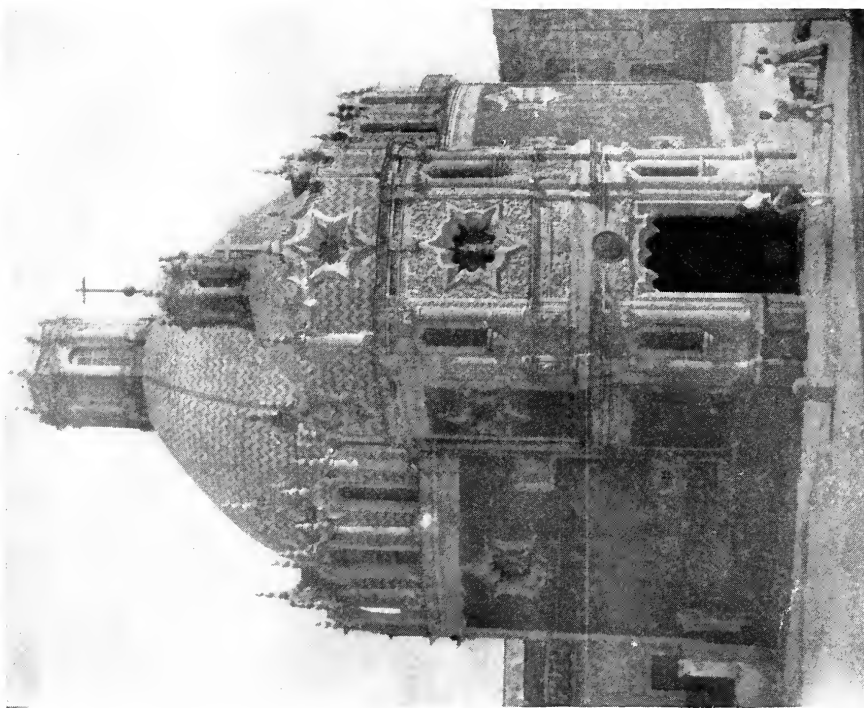


Photo by B. F. Langland

THE CHAPEL OF THE WELL, AT GUADALUPE

When, according to tradition, the Virgin appeared before the Indian, Juan Diego, and ordered him to gather flowers on the desert Tepeyac Hill to carry to the Archbishop as evidence of the apparition, a bubbling spring burst forth beneath her feet. This chapel is over that well. It was built by the devout people, the women of the best families serving alongside the peons in the construction work. It is said that whoever drinks from this well must perforce return to Mexico.



Photo by B. F. Langland

A MEXICAN BEGGAR

The beggar population of Mexico has always been a numerous one, in spite of rather sternly enforced laws against begging



Photo by J. Langland

THE SARAPE AND THE BLACK SHAWL

Wherever you go you meet the Indian man wearing his sarape and the Indian woman her black shawl. These serve as clothing by day and as bedding by night.



Photo by J. Langland

SELLING FOOD TO PASSENGERS ON A RAILROAD TRAIN: MEXICO

No traveler ever needed to go hungry in Mexico, provided he had a few centavos and an ability to forget the maxim of his childhood, that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

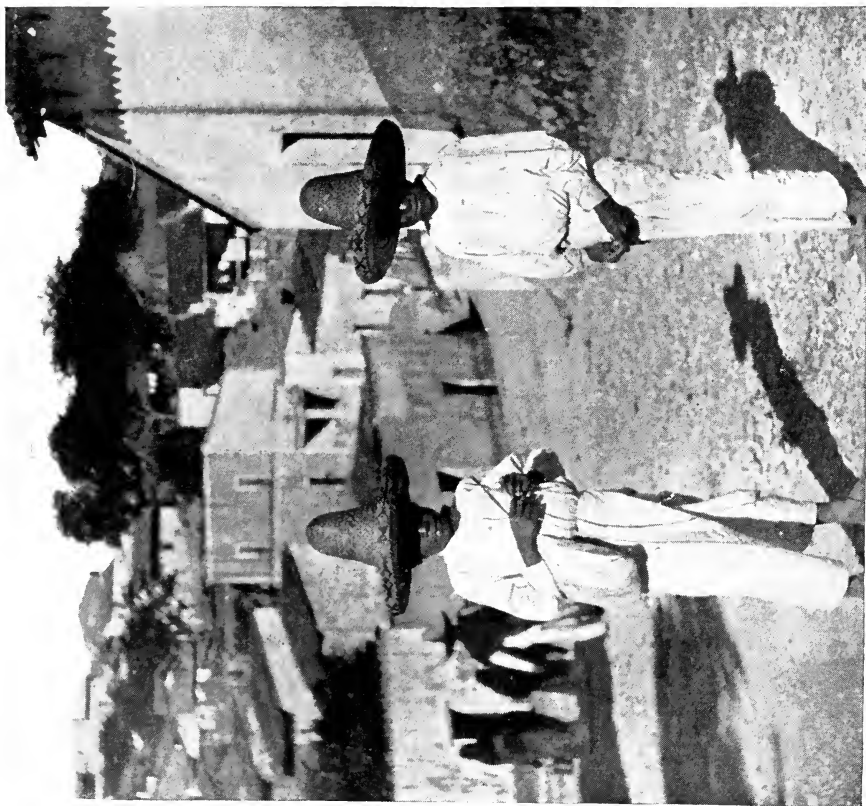


Photo by J. Langland

MEXICAN BOYS AT CUERNAVACA, MEXICO

The peon does not make much money and he does not need a great deal. His boys wear cotton trousers, cotton shirts, and straw hats; so his clothing bill is small.



Photo by J. Langland

BEGGAR WOMAN AT RAILROAD STATION: GUADALUPE

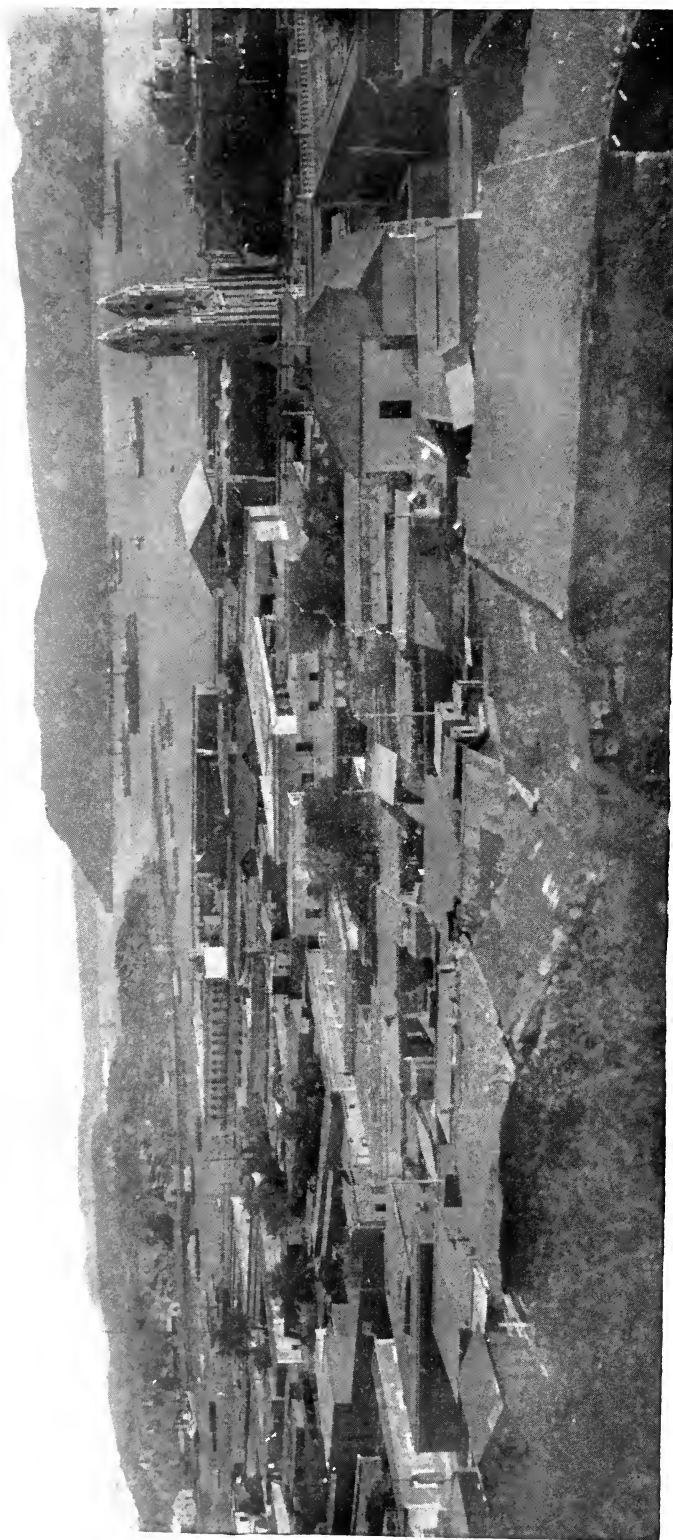
From the Guatemalan frontier to the Rio Grande, "Un centavo, señor," rings in your ears, and you reply "Pardonne me por Dios," so often that you feel like carrying a talking-machine with you to say it for you every minute of the day.



A WAYSIDE INN IN MEXICO

Photo from Alberto L. Godoy

At such places they know about as much about the germ theory of disease as a new-horn babe knows about the fourth dimension, and they care less. Their systems seem to become as calloused to germs as their horny palms are to blisters



THE TOWN AND HARBOR OF GUAYMAS, MEXICO

Photo by Charles Jenkinson

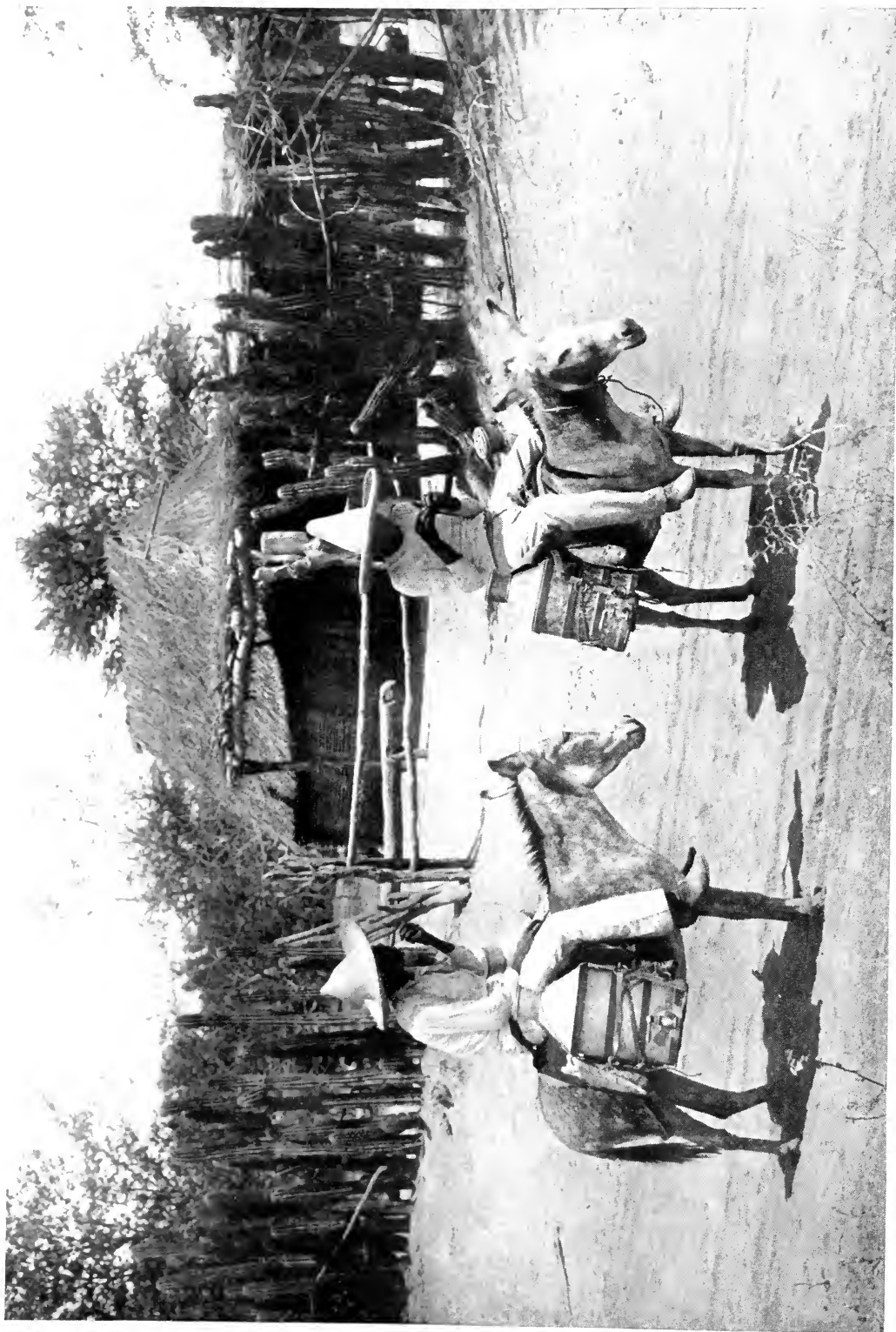
The city of Guaymas is one of the principal seaports of the Gulf of California. Several railroads find their outlet here



Photo from Charles F. Holder

GUAYMAS, SONORA: MEXICO

The outlying waters of Guaymas Bay are to the people of Mexico what the neighborhood of Catalina Island is to those of the United States. In years gone by fishermen from all points of the compass visited the fishing grounds of Guaymas. The Colorado River salmon, the Jewfish, the Spanish mackerel, and the *boca dulce* are there in abundance.



THE MEXICAN MILK-WAGON

Photo from A. H. Blackiston

Nearly everybody who uses milk in Mexico boils it; and when one sees the conditions under which it is produced and marketed, he is a convert to pasteurization



A COUNTRY SCENE: SINALOA

Photo by A. H. Jones

The solid-wheeled ox-cart, the razor-backed hog, and the indifferent donkey are as much a part of the rural scene in Mexico as the self-binder, the herd of fat cattle, and the team of fine horses are in the United States



OLD INDIAN WOMAN IN THE MARKET-PLACE; CITY OF MEXICO

The Indian women come from far and near to the market day. It is no unusual sight to see one of them with a baby tied to her breast with a shawl, a load of wood in each hand, and a basketful of produce on her head

Photo by J. Langland



THE PYRAMID OF THE SUN: SAN JUAN TEOTIHUACAN

Photo from Alberto L. Godoy

On this pyramid the Chinese Minister to Mexico, in 1911, found an inscription which is common on the burial places of China. Skirting the west base is the Path of the Dead, flanking either side of which are tumuli, which, when opened, were found to contain wrought stone sarcophagi, inclosing human bones, obsidian knives, and terra-cotta heads, the latter supposed to be the effigies of buried priests and kings (see also page 636)

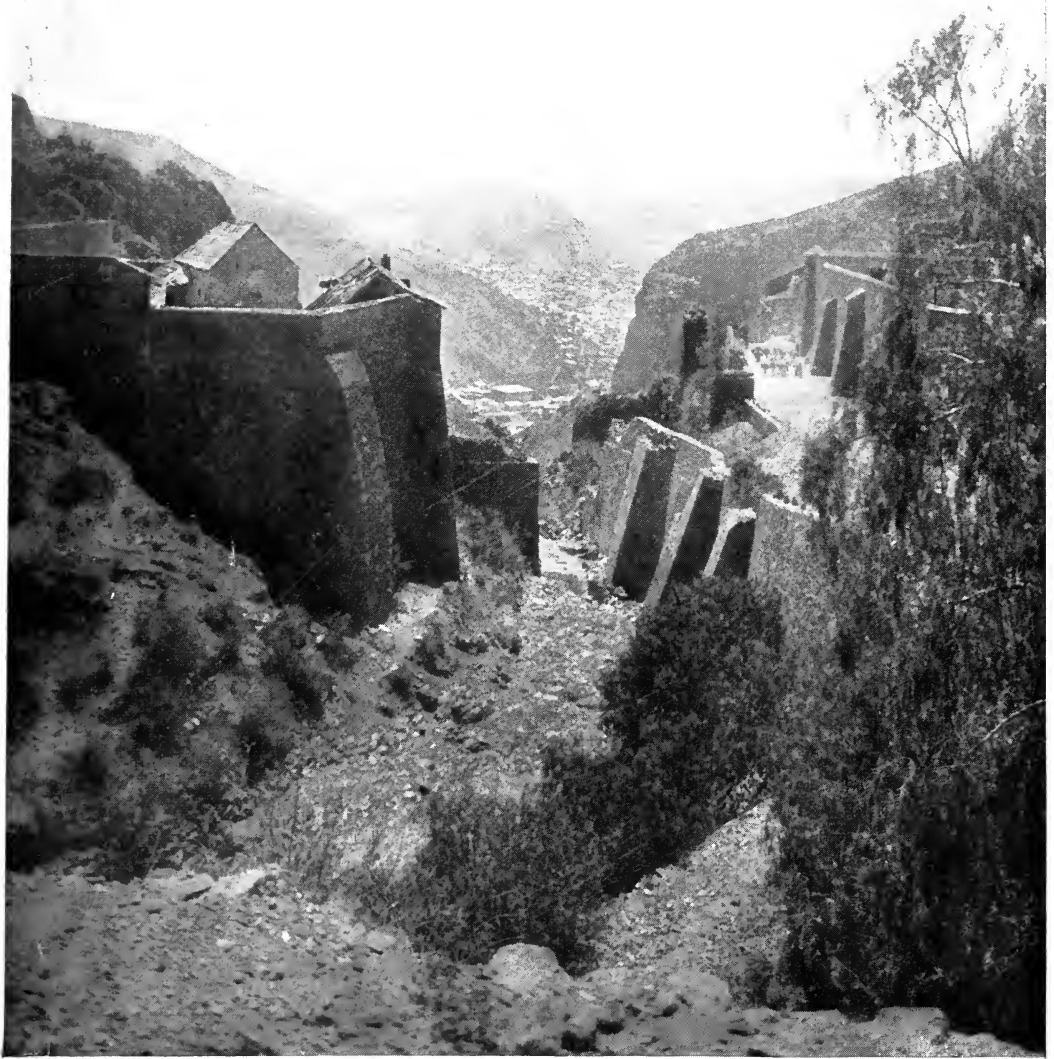


Photo from Alberto L. Godoy

ON THE ROAD TO PACHUCA, DECORATED HERE AND THERE WITH RUINS OF EARLY
SPANISH TIMES

The Conquistadores were great builders, and in addition to the fortresses in and around Pachuca, one finds here the ruins of one of the three most celebrated aqueducts in Mexico, built by the Franciscan Friar Francisco Tembleque.



AN OLD MEXICAN HIGHWAY

Photo by Alberto L. Godoy

The highways of Mexico wind in and out of mountain passes as they cross from one valley to another, and strings of burros and files of Indians going to market or returning are a familiar sight. Pachuca may be seen in the distance.

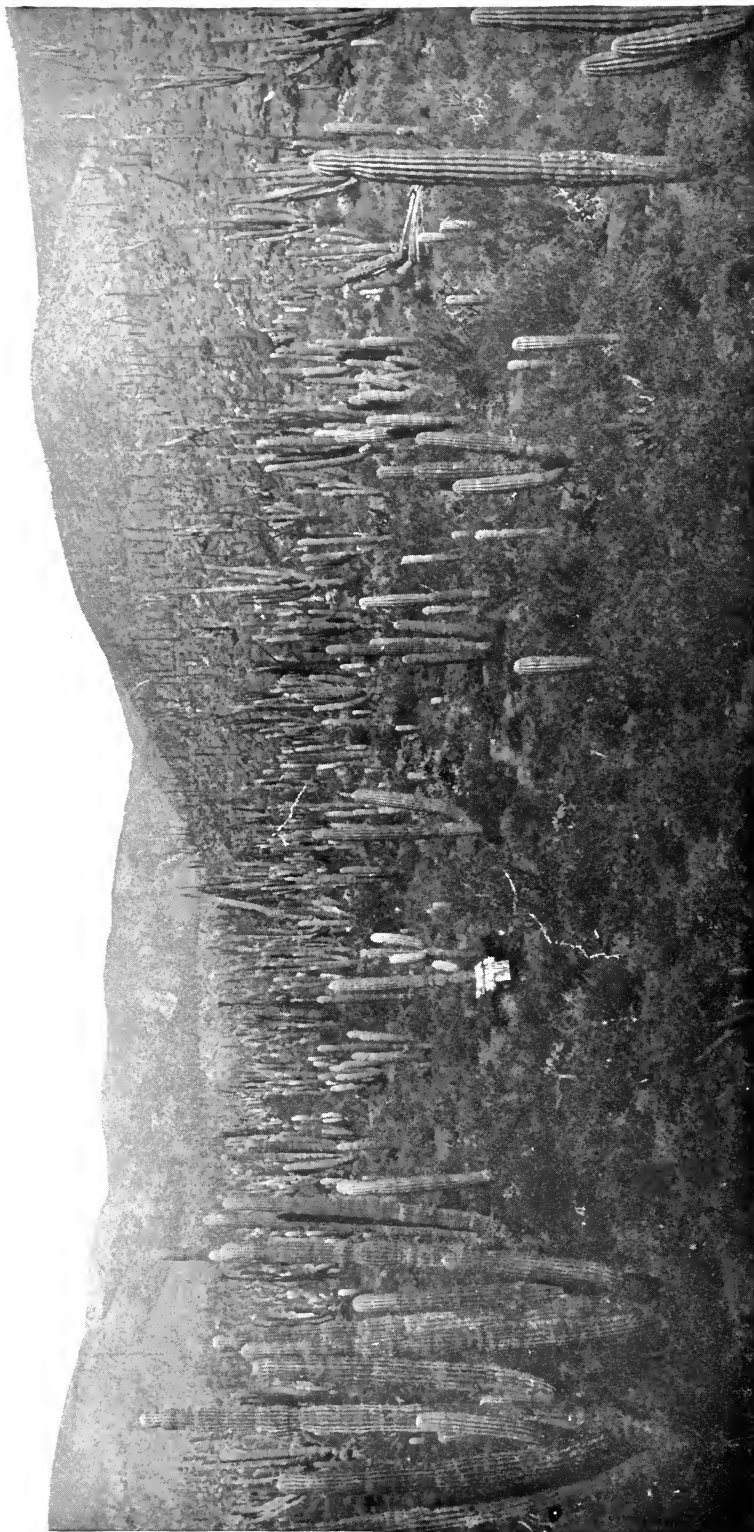


Photo by D. Basil W. Alexander
A FOREST OF CACTI IN THE UPPER END OF SAN VICENTE CAÑON IN LOWER CALIFORNIA, MEXICO

Millions of acres of the highland region of Mexico are too arid for other vegetation than the cacti and the sage-brush. The above scene is characteristic of the panorama that unfolds itself before the car window for hundreds of miles in the mainland highlands, as well as characteristic of the northern part of the Lower California Peninsula.



Photo by D. Basil W. Alexander

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CACTI IN SAN VICENTE CAÑON, LOWER CALIFORNIA, MEXICO,
SHOWING THEIR IMMENSE SIZE

Mexico has a majority of the more than 500 species of cacti, ranging from the *candelabra*, with its great branches, which give it its name, and the *organ*, with its fluted pipes and thorns with saw-tooth edges, to the creeping kinds that scarcely rise above the ground.



Photo by A. W. Cutler

A QUEER HEAD-DRESS

A Tehuana Indian beggar at Tehuantepec, Mexico. Her hat consists of half a cocoanut cleaned out and polished. A whole cocoanut can be purchased for something less than a penny.

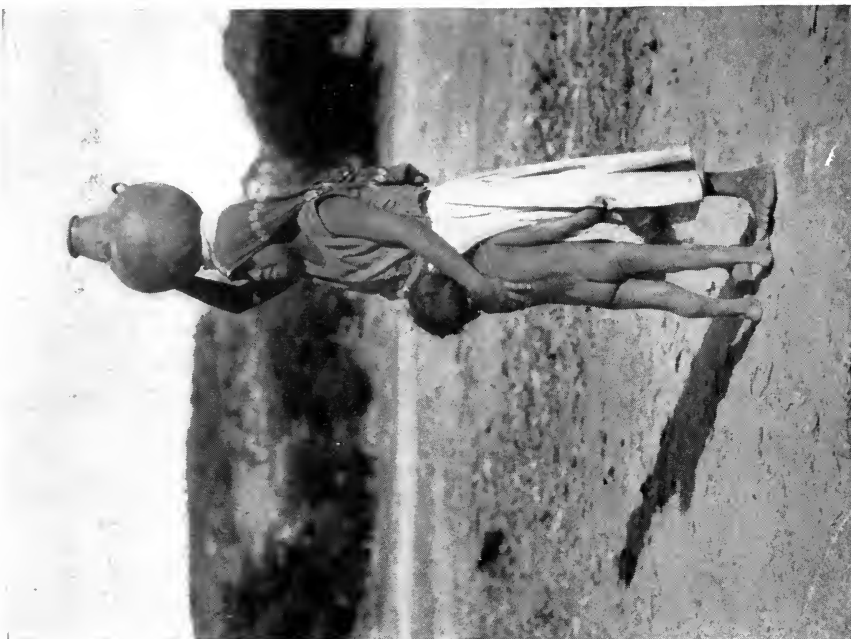


Photo by A. W. Cutler

THE WATER-CARRIER

One of the many methods of carrying water adopted by the Tehuana Indians of Tehuantepec, Mexico



IN THE SAN PABLO REGION, MEXICO

Photo from Alberto L. Goolbey

The small farmer of the semi-arid regions of Mexico has a rather disheartening fight for existence. His crops are limited in range, being mainly corn and beans, and they are usually short, affording him and his family only the barest necessities of life. Note the fences of cactus.



WATCH-TOWERS OF THE AQUEDUCT OF THE REMEDIES

Photo from Alberto L. Godoy

Highland Mexico abounds in aqueducts which carry water long distances. Some of them have watch-towers, where sentries are stationed to protect them

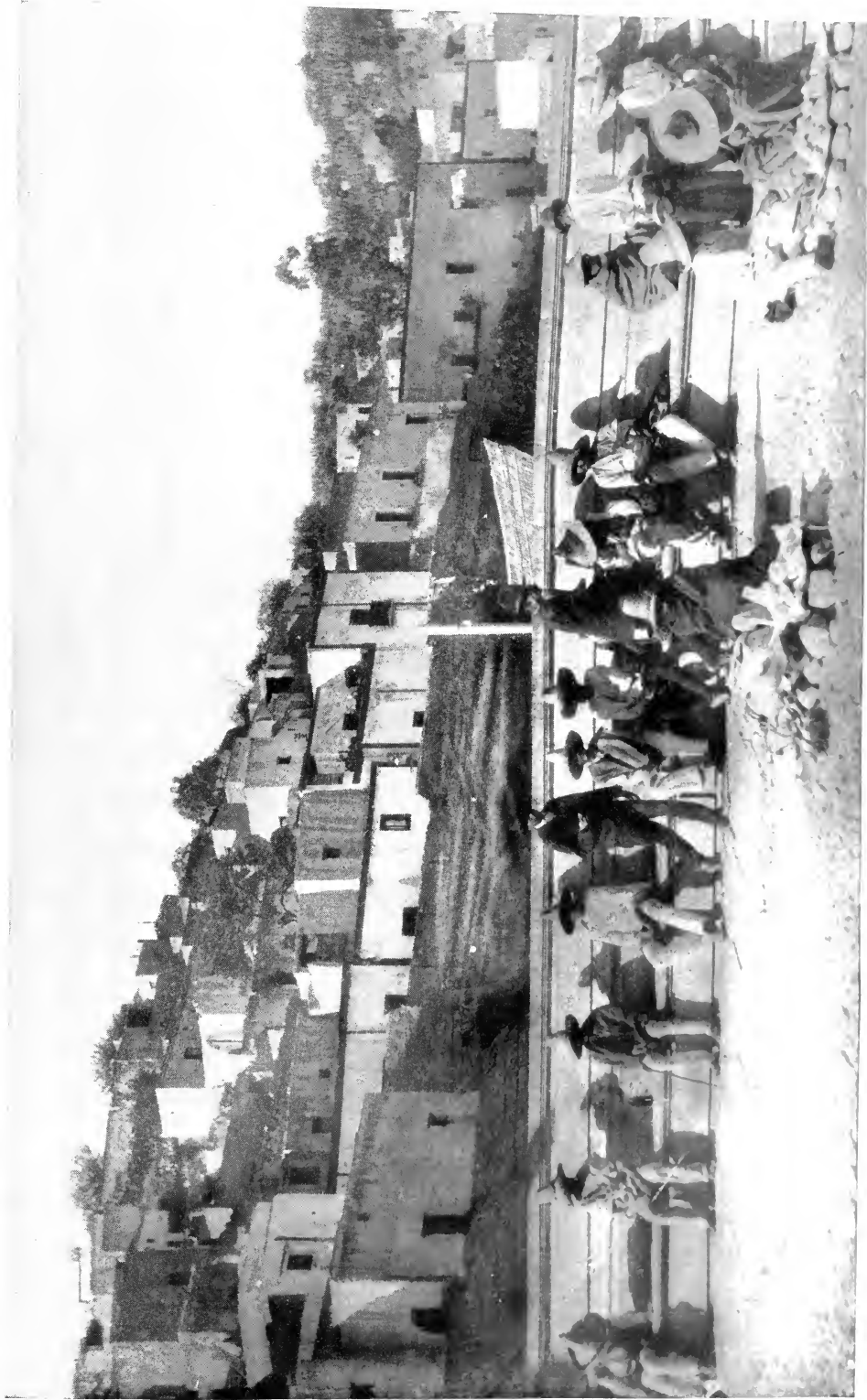


Photo by Carl Berglund

THEY LOVE THE SUN

In the highland cities of Mexico the poor congregate in the small plazas and contentedly sun themselves, getting the chill of the cold and coverless nights out of their bodies. The quick-lunch counter is always there to cater to their wants, even though they have very little money to spend.



Photo by C. M. Tozzer

LACANDONE WOMAN SPINNING THE NATIVE COTTON

The spindle rests in a gourd and the mass of crude cotton rests on the shoulder: Yucatan



Photo by C. M. Tozzer

A MAYA WOMAN GRINDING CORN WITH A STONE METATE

She is the descendant of a proud race that is said to have been the only one of the Western World that made any progress toward a phonetic system of writing. They were conquered by the Spanish in the great battle of Merida, in 1540, and every possible remnant of their civilization put to the torch (see page 606).



A HAPPY QUARTETTE: SAN BARTOLITO

Photo from Alberto L. Coboy

For a care free existence, the children of the Mexican peons match the birds. They may be as dirty as the pigs that share their quarters, as ignorant as the dogs that are their playmates, but nevertheless they are apparently a happy and contented lot



Photo from Alberto L. Godoy

POPOCATEPETL'S CRATER

This crater is bell-shaped instead of conical. Many thousands of tons of sulphur have been taken out of it and the supply seems inexhaustible. The sulphur is carried up 500 feet by peons, who climb "chicken ladders." A windlass takes it the remainder of the distance to the top. Here the peons put it on mats and slide to the lower edge of the snow-line with it. The peak of this famous mountain is shown on page 641.

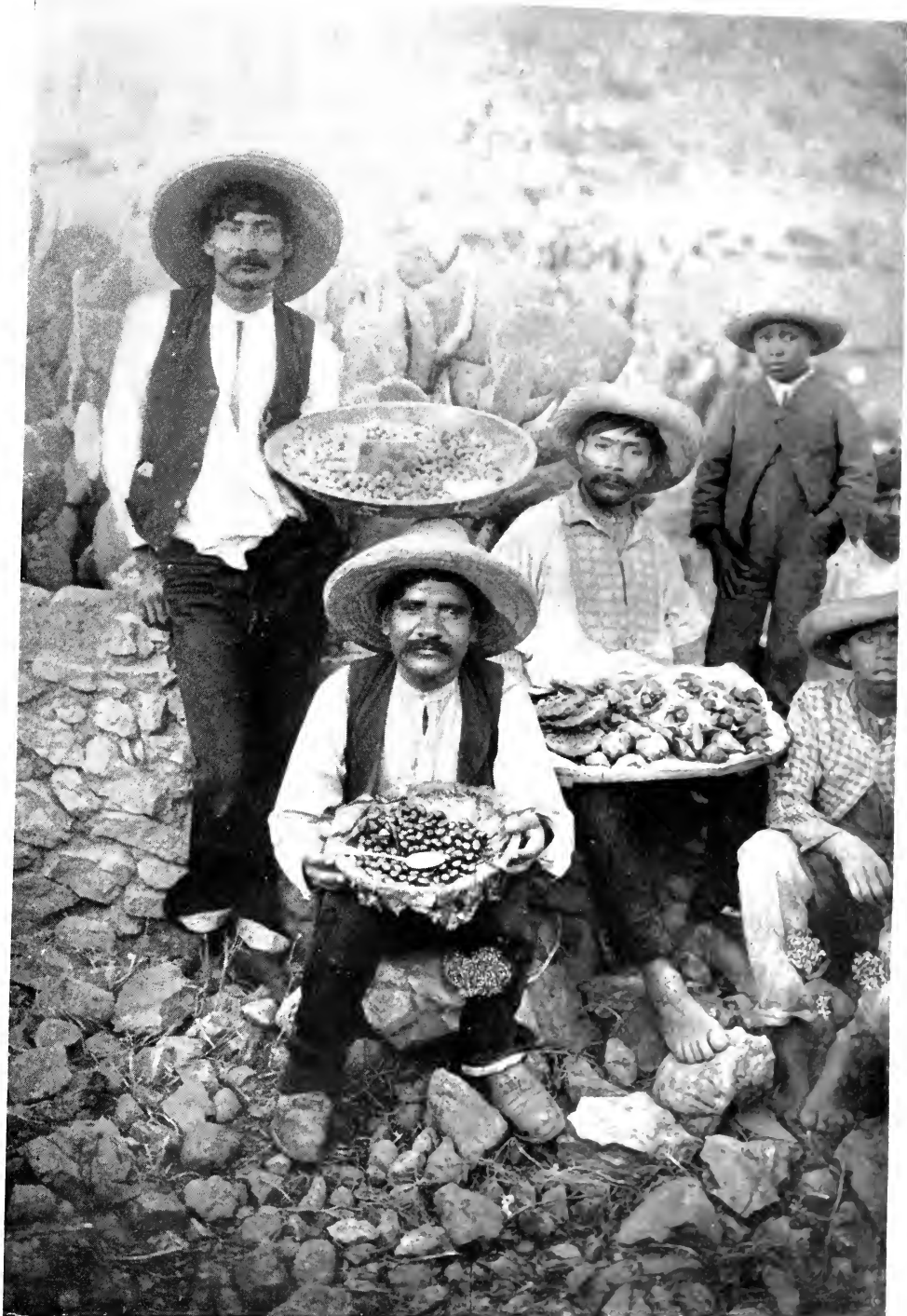


Photo from Alberto L. Goley

PEANUT AND SWEETMEAT VENDERS

Nature's "original sealed-package" goods find favor with the traveler after seeing the indifference of the sweetmeat venders to flies and dust, which have free access to their offerings.

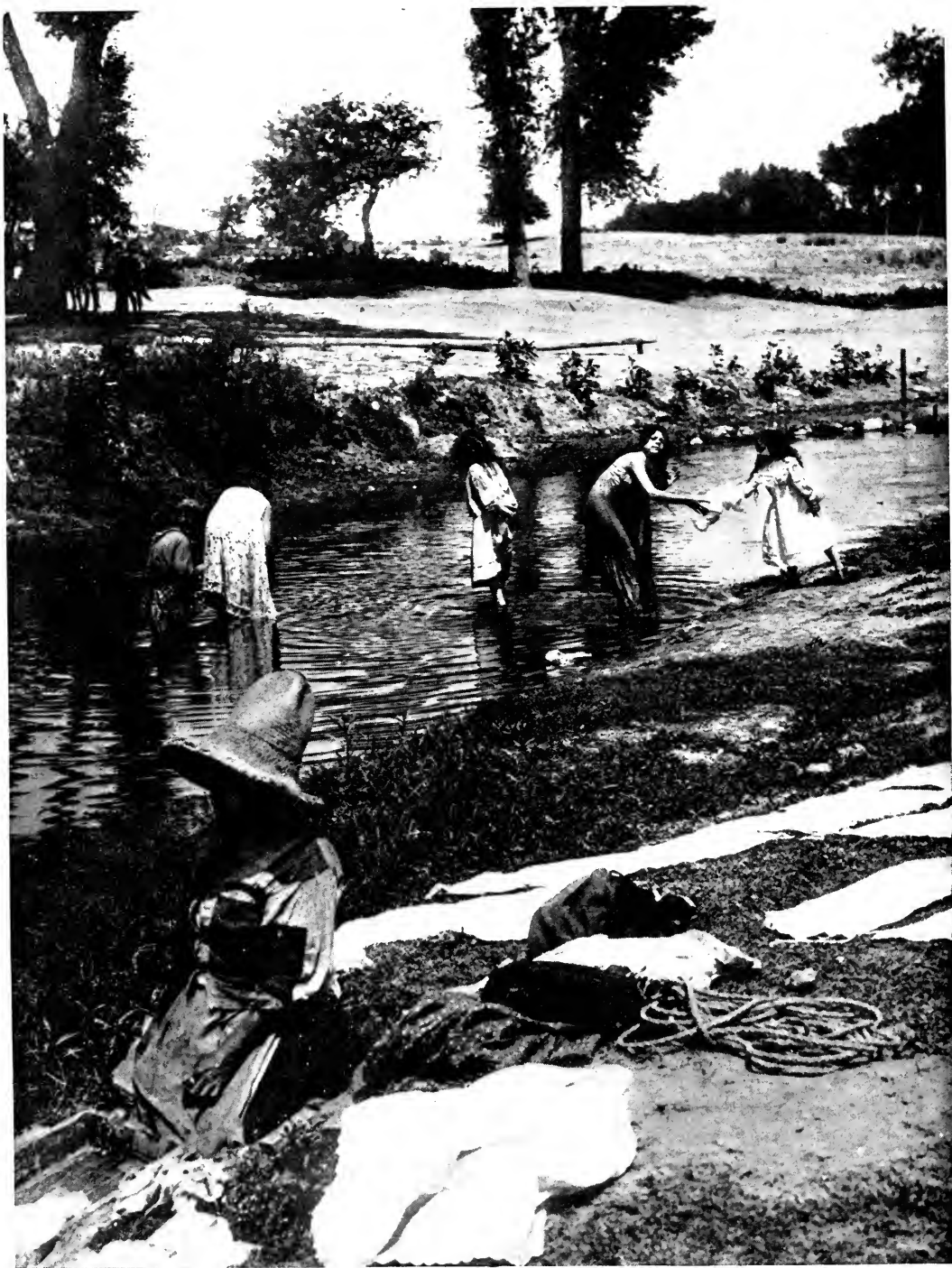


Photo and copyright by Underwood & Underwood

WASHING AND BATHING IN THE STREAM FED BY THE HOT SPRINGS: AGUASCALIENTES,
MEXICO

There is one phrase a traveler always remembers in Mexico—"agua caliente." It means "hot water," a boon that can be had only at a hot spring or through the aid of an alcohol lamp.



MEXICAN CHARRO AND HIS HAT

Photo from H. Ravell

What leather breeches and "chaps" with their elaborate fringes mean to the American cowboy of the old school, the big sombrero means to the "man on horseback" in Mexico. His hat may cost half as much as his horse, and his sarape may match the rainbow for colors. When the elder Diaz attired his "rurales" in such a uniform there was always a waiting list.



Photo from Alberto L. Godoy

ON LAKE PATZCUARO, IN THE STATE OF MICHOACAN, MEXICO

With its surface a mile and a quarter above the sea, and with a circumference of thirty miles, Lake Patzcuaro is one of the most beautiful inland lakes in the world. It abounds in water fowl, and many fishing and hunting expeditions are made to it by the Tarascan Indians.

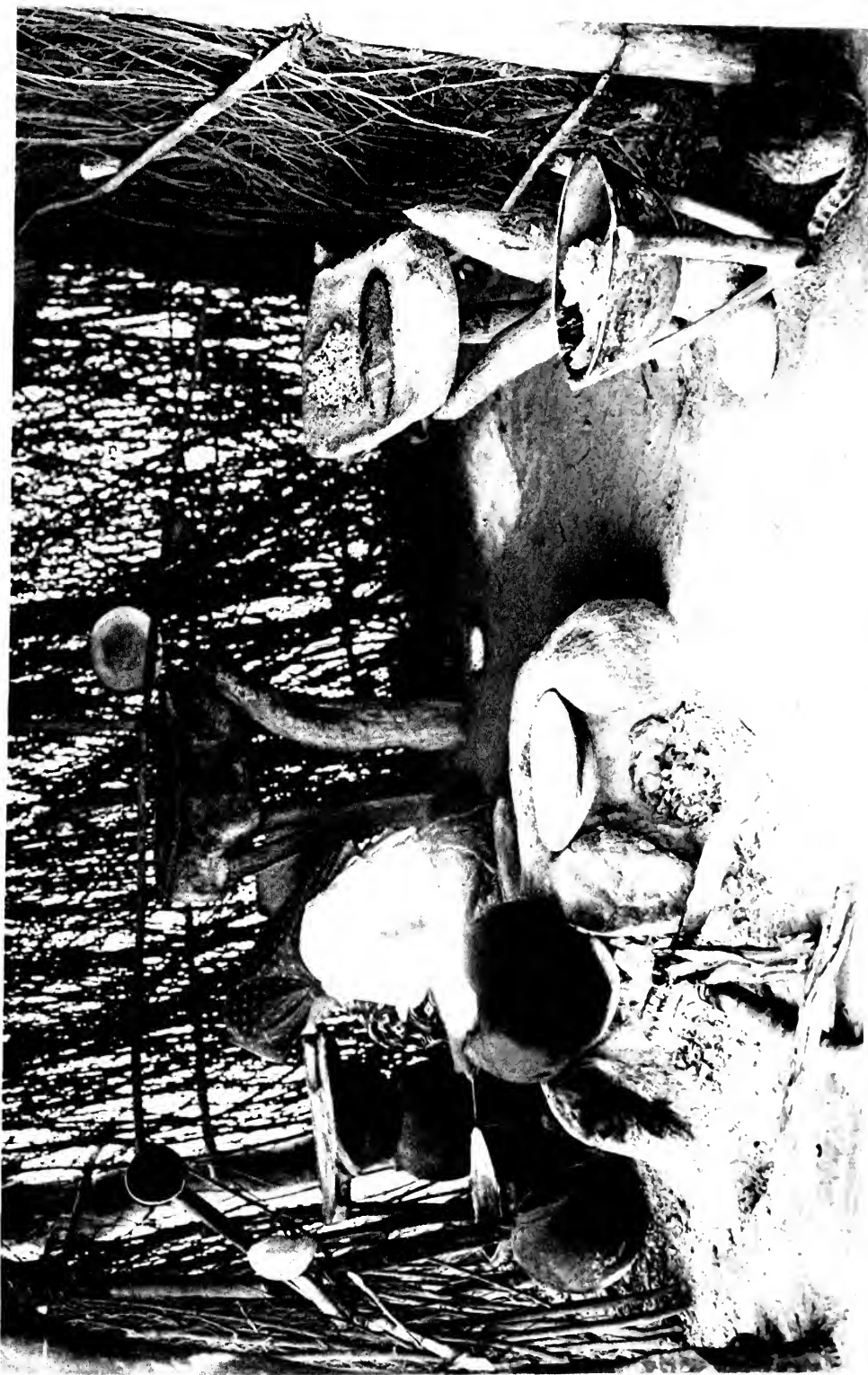


Photo from A. H. Blackiston

A RURAL KITCHEN IN MEXICO

The kitchens of rural Mexico may not measure up to the standard of those of the rural American housewife, but the Mexican would not trade his hot tamales, chili con carne, frijoles, and tortillas for the best chicken, ham, asparagus on toast and light rolls that the American housewife can prepare.



THE PYRAMID OF THE SUN

Photo from Alberto L. Godoy

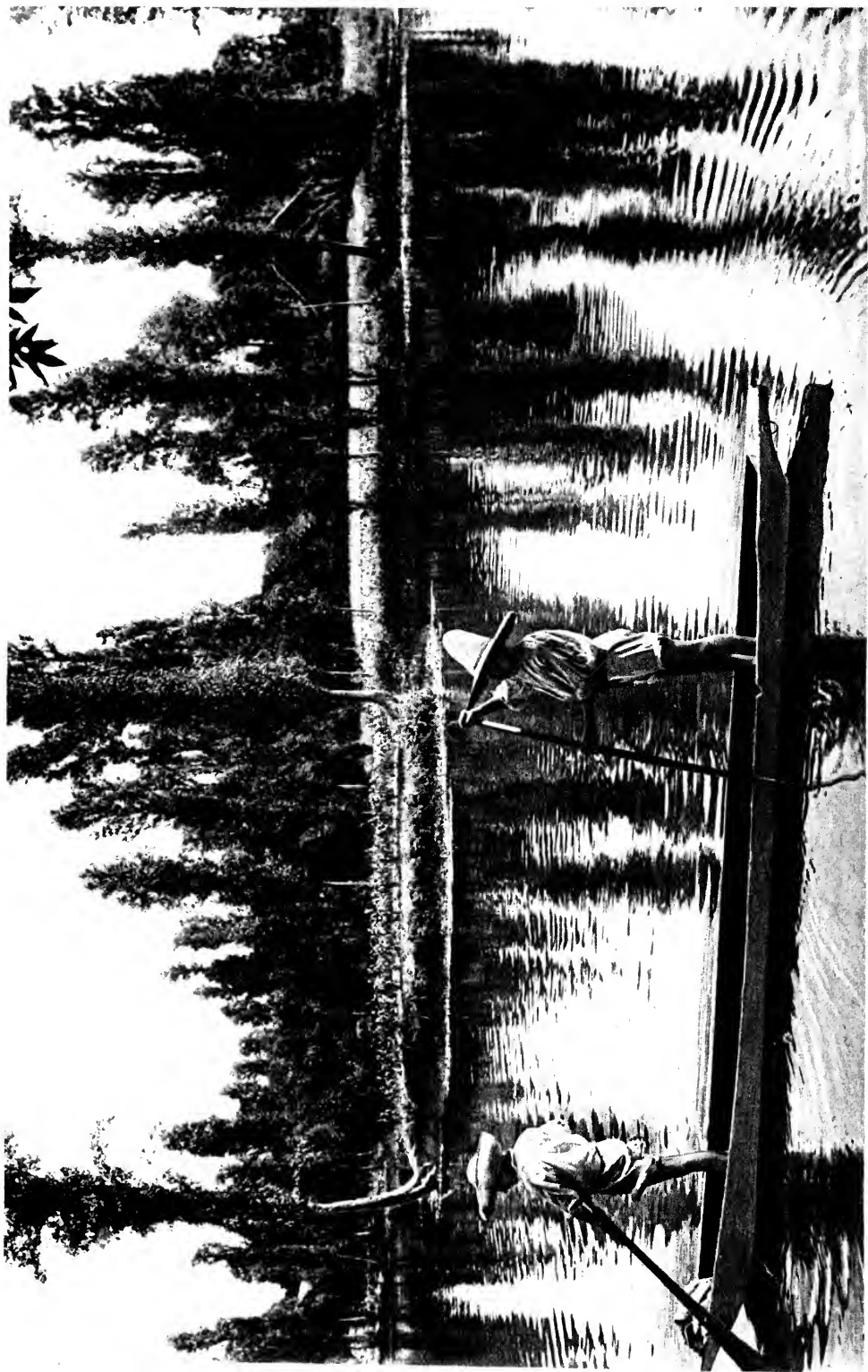
What Cheops is to Egypt, such is the Pyramid of the Sun to Mexico. Its base is about as large as that of Cheops, and it is 216 feet high. All we know of its origin is that it was built before the Toltecs occupied the Valley of Mexico. According to tradition, a splendid temple once crowned its summit, and contained a great monument to the sun made from a single block of porphyry. Excavations have revealed galleries and vaults like those of Cheops, and Senor Garcias Cubas, the eminent archeologist, says that a gallery in the companion pyramid, that of the moon, coincides exactly with the magnetic meridian.



A RURAL GUARD ON DUTY

Photo from Alberto L. Godoy

When Porfirio Diaz came into power the country was infested with robbers from the mountains to the sea. He selected the best and made a rural guard out of them. They justified his hopes, and after a while it became as safe to travel in Mexico as it is to travel in the United States. The prolonged civil strife has sadly thinned their ranks, however.



CHILDREN BOATING ON XOCHIMILCO

Photo from Alberto L. Godoy

The vicinity of Mexico City is famous for its lakes, and one of the most beautiful of them is Xochimilco. Some of these lakes were drained in the days of Diaz to prevent the inundation of the Capital in flood time.

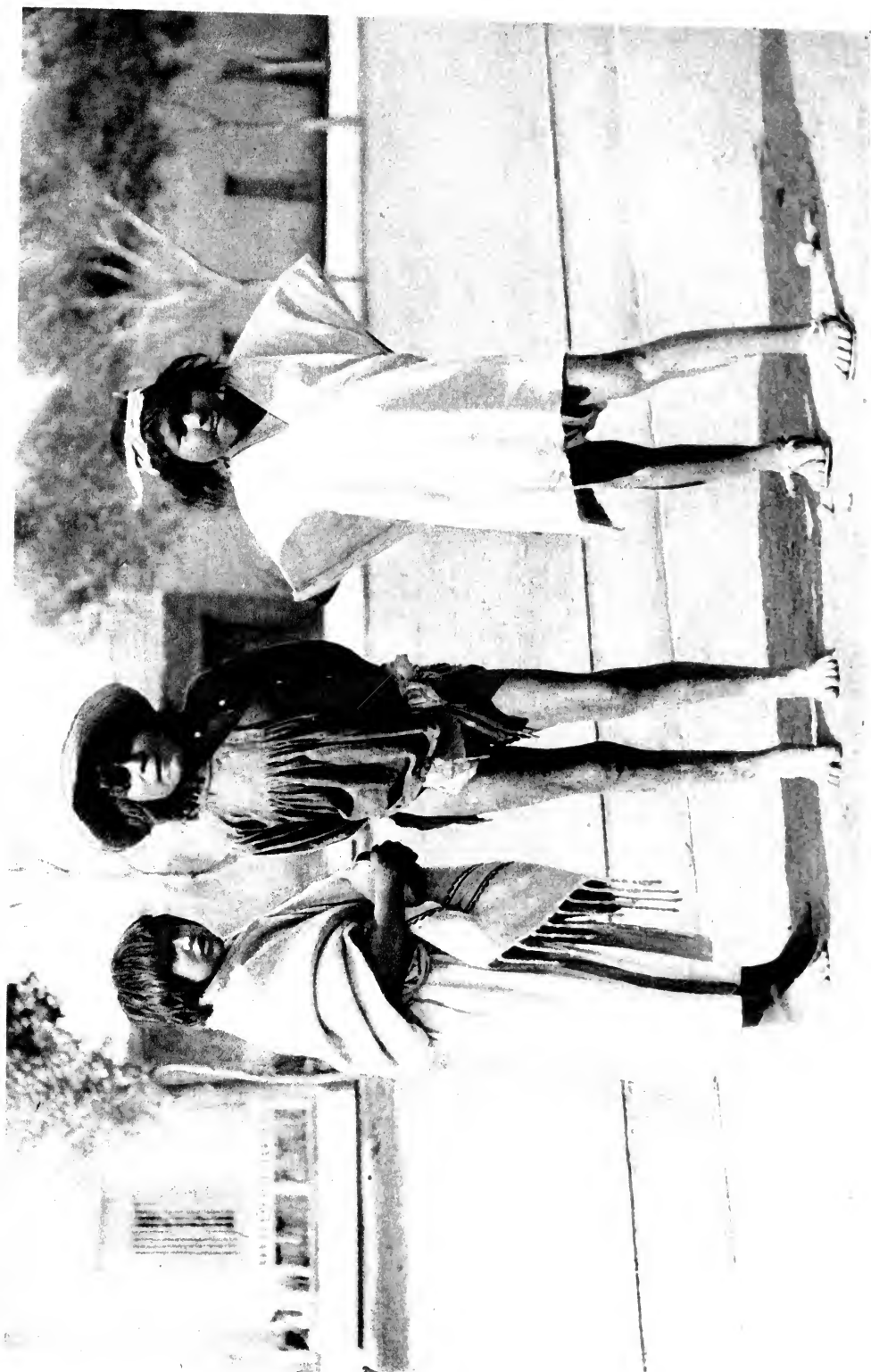
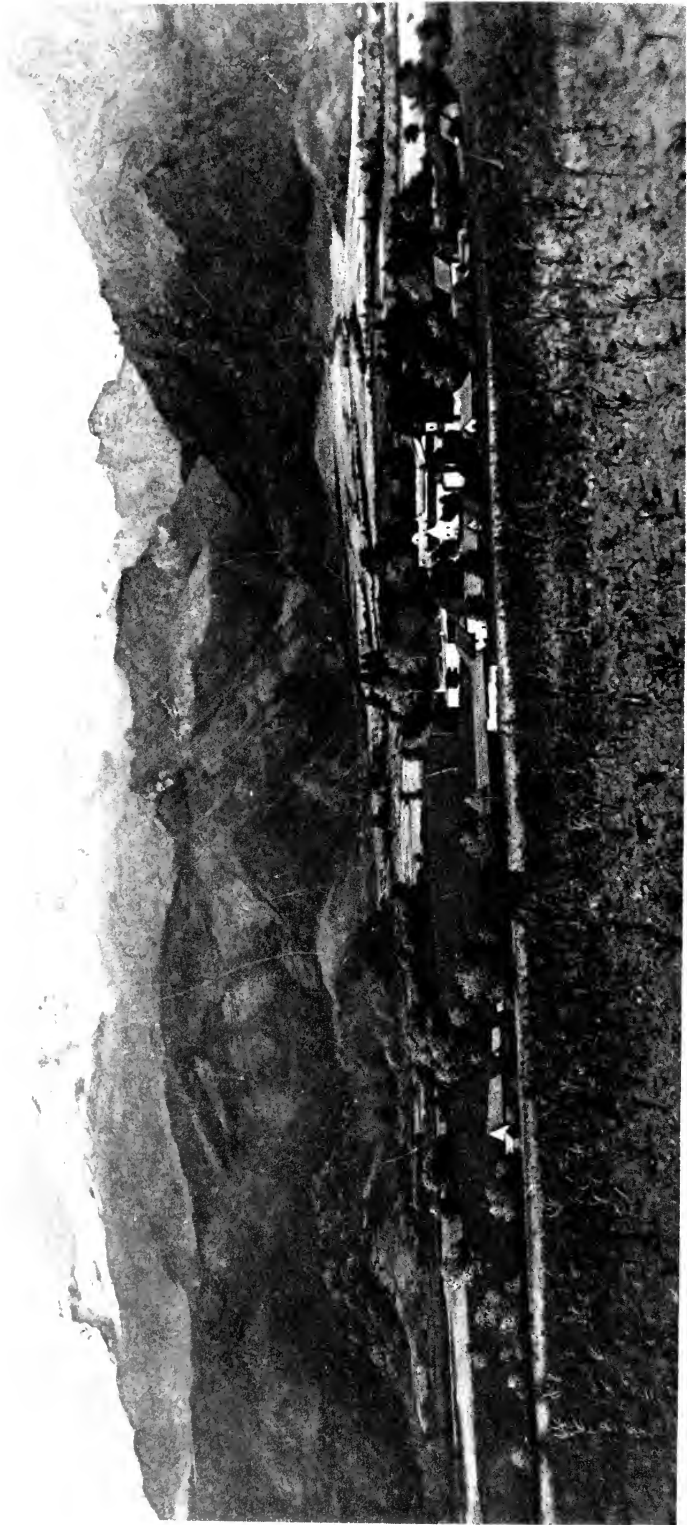


Photo from Carl Bergmann

THE HAPPY MEXICAN INDIAN

Left to himself and not forced to comply with the trammelling conditions of civilization, the Mexican Indian worries neither about the past, the present or the future. He finds that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and so he eats when he can, drinks when he pleases, and is merry when it suits him to be.



IXTACCIHUATL AND THE SLEEPING WOMAN

The "man on the mountain" in the Catskills is matched by "the sleeping woman on the volcano" in Mexico. As seen from Talpa n the hair of the sleeping woman seems to be streaming down the one end of the mountain.

Photo from H. Ravell



Photo from Alberto L. Godoy

THE SUMMIT OF IXTACCHIHUATL

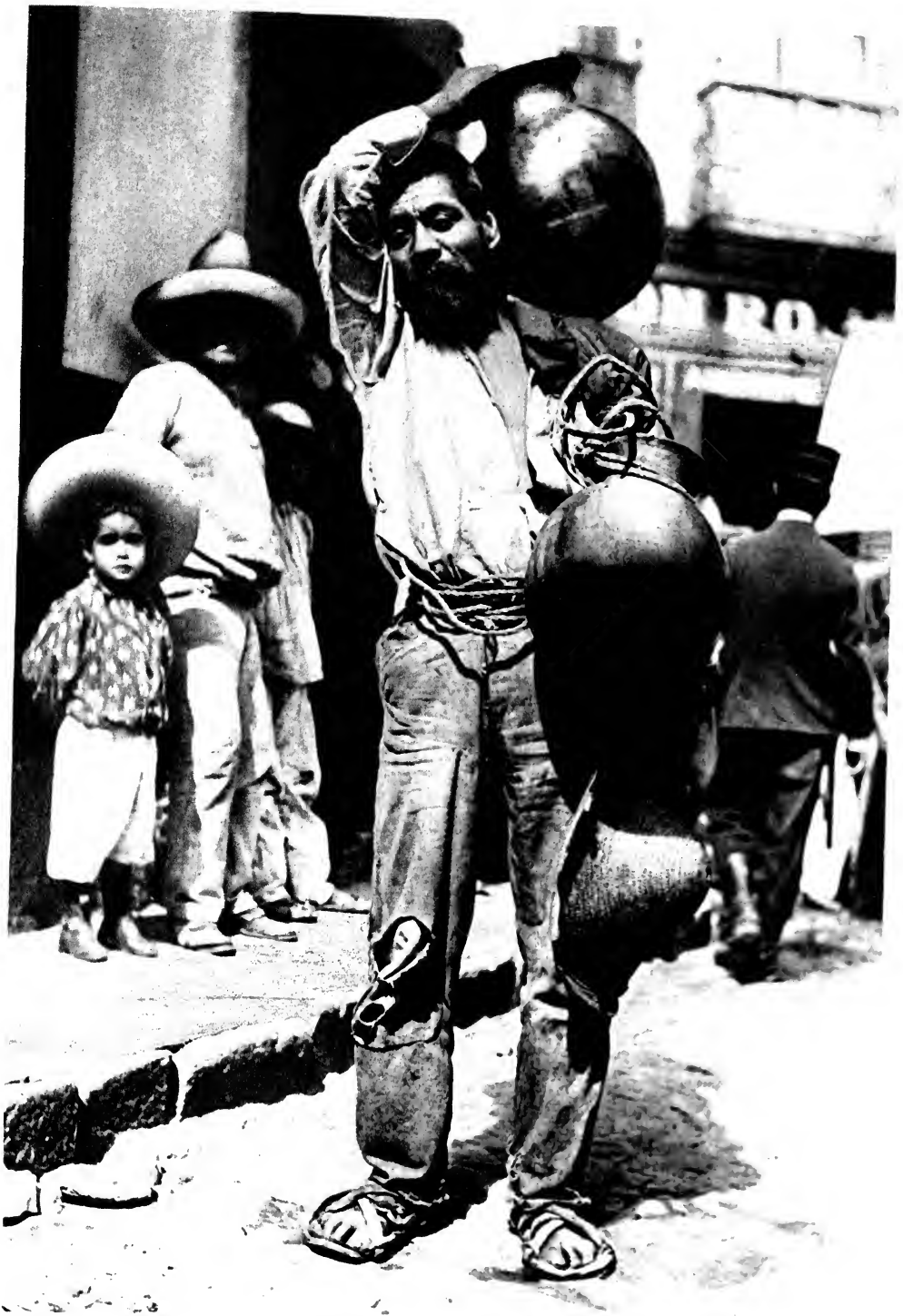
The two majestic volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtacchihuatl, with their caps of perpetual snow, stir the heart of him who beholds them. From the summit of Ixta, 16,200 feet above the sea, one sees Popo, Orizaba, Xiantecatl and Matlacueyatl lifting their lofty cones above the clouds. Across the saddle between Popo and Ixta Cortez built the military road that led him to the capital of Montezuma.



IN QUIET URUAPAN, IN THE STATE OF MICHOACAN, MEXICO

Photo from Alberto L. Godoy

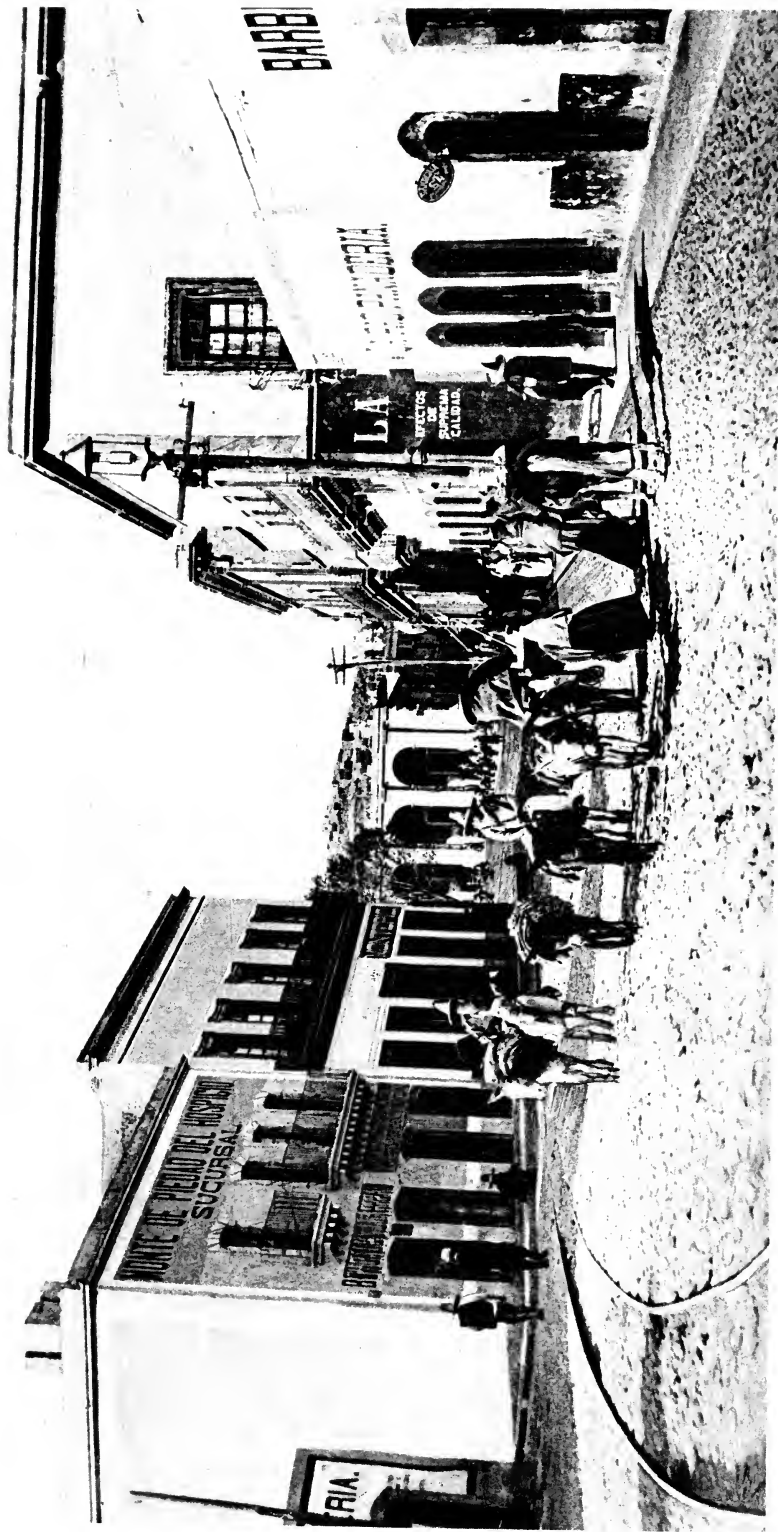
Where once the Indians of Uruapan fashioned the famous Uruapan lacquer ware, today the people are engaged in growing silkworms. Many of the sunny patios of the small houses are brilliant with the scarlet blossoms of the shepherd's flower. The Spaniards call the town "the paradise of Michoacan."



THE WATER CARRIER

Photo by John H. Hall

In every part of Mexico the water carrier flourishes. He gets the water from some spring or clear stream, and the people seem never to inquire about the presence of colon bacilli and only a few of them ever boil the water, which helps to account in a measure for the high death rate in Mexico.



A TYPICAL STREET IN A TYPICAL TOWN

Photo from Carl Bergmann

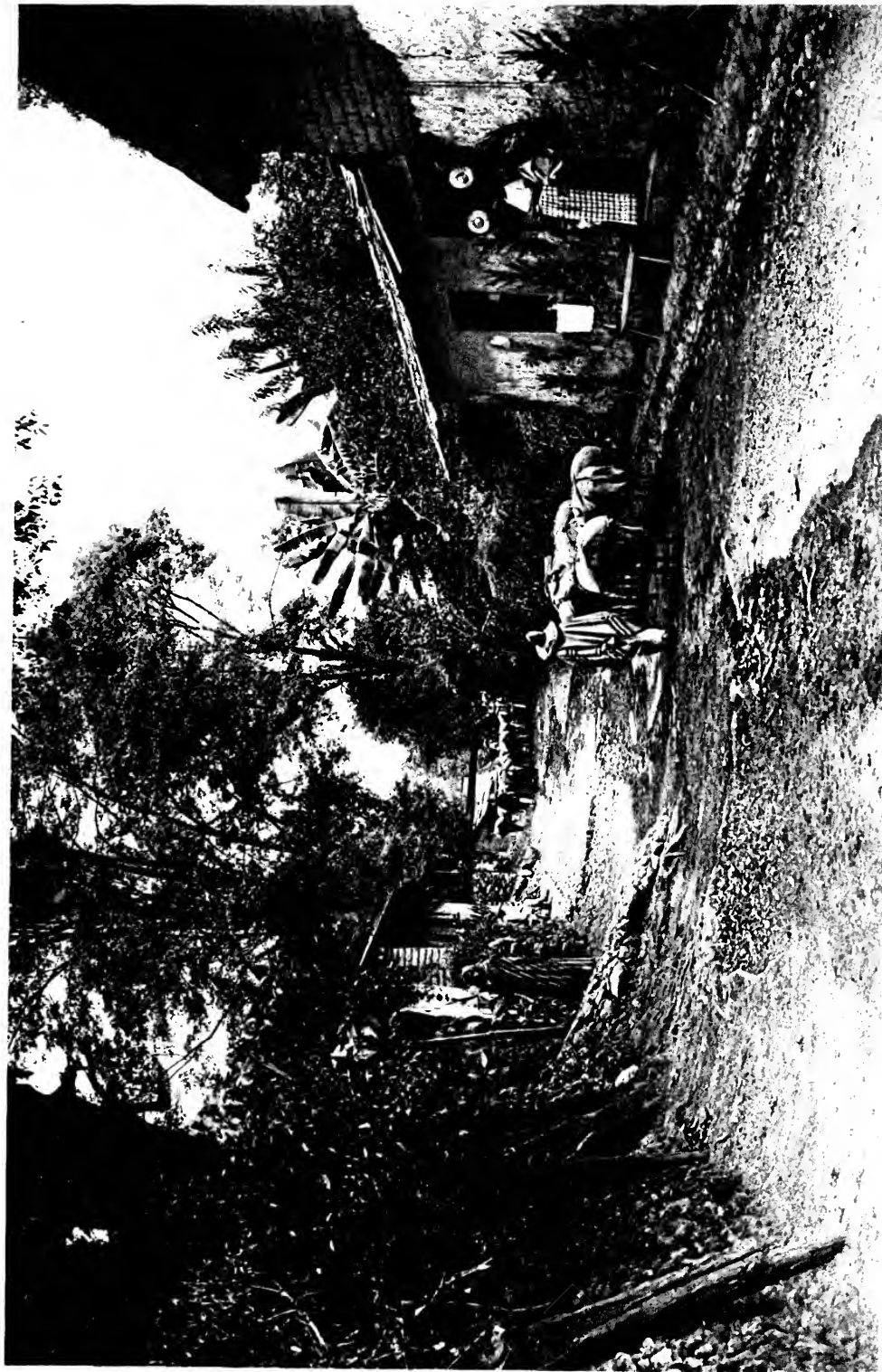
Except in the larger cities of Mexico where the business quarter is the architectural handiwork of foreign interests, street scenes are distressingly similar. There seems to be no imagination in the mind of the Mexican architect.



Photo from Alberto L. Godoy

A MEXICAN HAT STORE

The lower class Mexican is fastidious about only one thing in the world—his hat. And the Mexican hat store carries a line that gives him plenty of room to exercise his fancy and to deplete his already slim pocketbook.



A MEXICAN HIGHWAY

Photo from Alberto L. Godoy

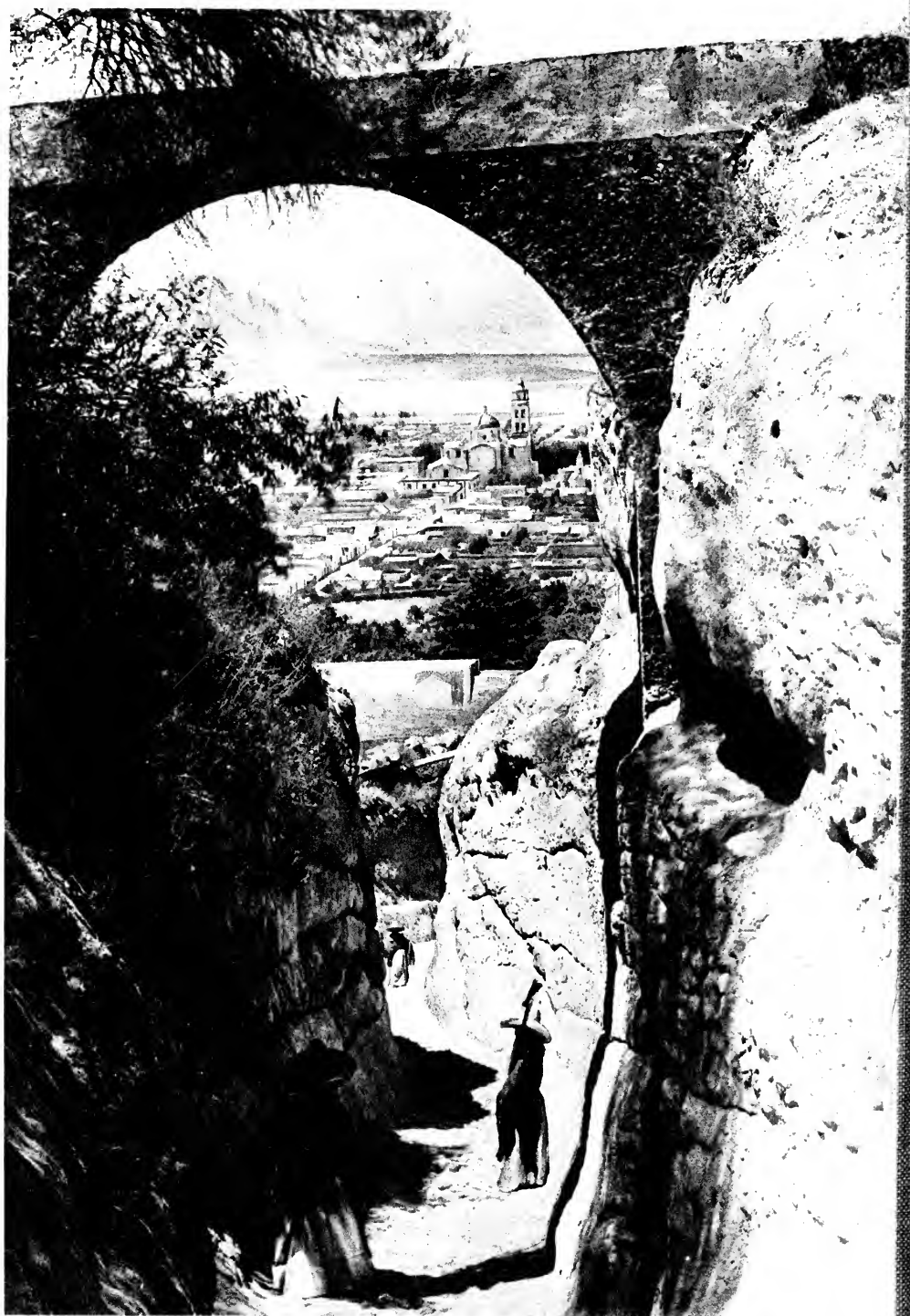
The people of Mexico do not go to any great trouble in building their country roads, and when they fence them they simply put cacti sprouts into the ground, and the fence grows.



SOLDIERS BEING TRANSPORTED ON XOCHIMILCO RIVER

Photo from Alberto L. Godoy

The Mexican peon fights because he has to, but with all that, given good generalship and enough to eat, he makes a good soldier. "Volunteers" are usually brought to camp tied with ropes or handcuffed.



THE SPAN OF AN AQUEDUCT

Photo from Alberto L.

Most of the great mining centres of Mexico are located in the highlands where rain seldom falls, where the water supply must be brought for dozens of miles from the mountains.

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